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The Week

SUPERFICIALLY the Briand cabinet does not look as if it were any more capable of furnishing an answer to the French problem than its predecessor. It is supposed to obtain its majority from the centre groups in the Chamber, and consequently it is much more satisfactory to Parisian finance than any government since that of M. Poincaré. But the conservative groups are apparently even less prepared to undertake the drastic measures which are necessary to save the franc than were their more radical colleagues. The program of the new government, so far as already announced, consists in the issue of more bank notes in order to meet the short term bonds which mature in December, an early settlement of the American debt and the protection of the franc by a large flotation of bonds in this country. The only fundamental action proposed consists in special taxation to amount to five billion francs a year to be devoted entirely to the redemption of treasury bonds.

THIS program, so far as it includes a settlement of the French debt to America, will probably be successful. After the brilliant triumph which the Italian Commission won in this country, it will look like an extremely unfair discrimination not to grant to the French almost equally favorable terms. The American government should certainly be more willing to make life easy for the republican parliamentary government of France than it was for the revolutionary tyranny of Mussolini. The New Republic would be cordially in favor of a settlement with France no less favorable than the settlement with Italy were it not for one sinister fact. The motive for the settlement in both cases is the desire of the debtors to borrow more money in this country, and the extension of these credits will in the long run be harmful to all the parties to the arrangement. It will be harmful to the American lenders because they will be buying a most doubtful security. It will be harmful to the French borrowers because they will obtain the money on most unfavorable terms, and because the purchase of this American gold will enable them to postpone the financial reforms which are their only road to ultimate salvation. The negotiation of such loans with so little public opposition is a glaring illustration of the subservience of public opinion in this country to financial interests. The plain effect of a French bond issue will be not to strengthen, but to weaken the recuperative power of France and to make it more improbable that she will ever make any substantial payments on her debts to the American government.

DUBIOUS as is the immediate financial program of the new French government, its formation probably represents some progress from the political standpoint. It is sufficiently clear as a result of the experience of the last few years that the radical socialist bloc is incapable of putting through a sufficiently thorough-going reform of French national finance. It is also sufficiently clear that a nationalist bloc, even if it could manufacture a majority in the Chamber, would represent interests which would also be opposed to the necessary reforms. If, consequently, these reforms are to be accomplished by a parliamentary majority, it must be composed of the moderates of both wings who un-

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derstand the necessity for drastic action and will assume responsibility for the political consequences of a financial house-cleaning. The Briand cabinet will not accomplish anything heroic of the kind which is needed, but it is a movement in the direction of a ministry of republican defense and its successor may turn out to be a better edition of the same thing. It contains as its finance minister M. Loucheur, an able and courageous man, who apparently realizes the necessity of partial repudiation in order to prevent a more complete default. He is the only conspicuous French politician who conceivably might become the savior of French national finance. If he can hold his position throughout the tribulations of the next few months, he may in the end engineer the change which will finally pull France out of her difficulties.

FINANCE Minister Loucheur's reported intention to settle the debt to the United States as soon as possible sounds odd in view of the fact that M. Loucheur has long privately held, and has said publicly at least once, that payment of the French foreign debt is impossible. Can anything have happened in the past two years to alter his opinion? On the contrary, the course of events must have confirmed it, for the difficulty of making the budget balance either through paying or repudiating the internal debt, without adding any external payments, must now be clearer than ever to such a shrewd mind. What seems to have happened is that he has taken a leaf from the Italian book and has bowed gracefully to the demand of the American debt commissioners for dissimulation. He will negotiate a settlement calling for small and feasible payments in early years, and large payments later, which no informed person expects to be made. This will enable him to borrow in America for present purposes; before the later obligations fall due there will be a general readjustment of the international debt burden consequent upon the failure of the Dawes plan to produce reparation payments from Germany. M. Loucheur must be approaching his task with his tongue in his cheek, and in his heart a humorous disgust for the pious subterfuges of American politicians.

DESPATCHES from France before the announcement of Briand's premiership unfairly placed the blame for the perilous situation of governmental finance upon the Unified Socialists. The left bloc had a majority and could, if it held together, prevent any other group from governing. The majority depends on Socialist votes in the Chamber, and the Socialists were therefore in a position to enforce their program as a price of their support. But their program was unaccountable, not only to the right, but to that section of the left bloc itself which was close to the centre. Therefore the obstinacy of the Socialists caused irritation and was blamed for the failure to act. All true—but it must be remembered that the plight of the Treasury was not of the Socialists' making; it was a legacy from right and centre governments. The plan of the Socialists may be politically unpractical, but it is as close to a sound economic solution of the problem as any that has been offered in France. Furthermore it was honestly devised to protect the poorer classes whom the Socialist deputies represent. Their obstinacy in supporting it was no greater than the obstinacy of other elements in rejecting it for possibly less sound and less fair proposals. Their right not to accept any responsibility for a government which did not follow a course approved by them was unimpeachable. The real difficulty lies in the onerous burden which France must bear, and in the conflict of interest involved in the attempt to distribute that burden. All classes and parties must bear a share of the responsibility for this situation, but the Socialists' proper share is least of all.

WITH Governor Pinchot's mediation offer and its acceptance by the anthracite miners, the issues of the strike take on a new complexion, and the consumer digs a little closer to the trouble in the industry. Hitherto the public has been informed that the strike went on because the miners would not submit to arbitration, virtuously demanded by the operators. Now Mr. Pinchot proposes, and the miners agree, to end the strike by a wage increase if that is possible without raising the price of coal, and by no wage increase if it would mean a price increase. In order to discover the relevant facts about profits the operators must open their books, and an impartial commission is to investigate them. This is arbitration of a sort—but a sort that is fair to all concerned. In the old kind, the arbitrator fixed wages without power over prices or profits. The operator therefore had nothing to lose by it, and the conflict of interest lay between the worker and the consumer. In the kind suggested by Mr. Pinchot, anything the miners gain must come from the operators, not from the public, and the arbitrator's job is the proper one of dividing the proceeds of the industry among its participants. This means that the employers must reveal their figures and risk a subtraction from profits—which they are naturally reluctant to do. Whatever the operators may say this will remain the core of their real objection. Their attitude is revealed as the principal cause of anthracite warfare.

FINALLY one Democratic member of Congress has had sufficient gumption to denounce the Mellon plan of tax revision which has been taken over with few changes by the Ways and Means Committee of the House. Representative Rainey of Illinois has protested against the reduction of the supertaxes on large incomes. The protest is not very vigorous and will have no effect, but it at least exposes what a sorry figure the Democratic party is

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cutting as the ostensible alternative to the Republican party. If the Democrats believed in the traditions of their party and in their own minds really objected to the government in the interest of business which the Republicans embody, they would have opposed the reduction of the super-taxes on two grounds. As tariff reformers, they would have proposed to do away with taxes on consumption and for protective purposes rather than on great wealth, and as equalitarian democrats they would have wished to discourage the growth of money power which is the inevitable accompaniment of the increase of large fortunes. But they were unwilling to oppose Mr. Mellon on these grounds, partly because they really agreed with him, and partly because they regarded his program as popular. In the light of their own convictions, they were fully justified in climbing on the Mellon band-wagon, but their action is tantamount to their resignation as an official opposition. They should not complain if intelligent voters refuse to take them very seriously as a genuine alternative to Republican rule. The Democratic party exists at present for the purpose of smothering any effective opposition to the Republican party. It is nourished on the offices which it can control in the southern states and in a few northern cities. But it represents no single and progressive impulse, no traditions or principles and no political intelligence and foresight.

THE New Republic has commended President Mezes of the College of the City of New York for permitting the discussion among his students of the question whether military training should be compulsory. A vote taken by the student paper, The City College Campus, resulted in an overwhelming majority against such requirement. Now President Mezes turns around and forbids the Campus to publish further articles on the subject. In his statement to the newspaper he is quoted as belittling the movement among his students, attributing it to a boyish dislike of required studies. It is inconceivable that, after reading the article in the Campus, President Mezes can so misinterpret the spirit of the young men whom he is engaged to lead. Moreover, his veto of the expression of opinion by his students on subjects of vital interest to them is a denial of the fundamental object of their education, the ability to think for themselves. If President Mezes is not a free agent in the matter of compulsory military training, if to abolish it would be to sacrifice an appropriation which is a part of the budget of the college, by all means let him say so, and let the discussion be shifted from the educational to the political ground where it belongs.

THE report of the Aircraft Board of Inquiry, as forecast by the newspapers, is against a unified air service under a separate department of the government. This unification could have been brought about either by the establishment of a separate department of aviation, on an equality with the present departments of War, Navy, and Commerce; or the reorganization of the present War and Navy offices into a single department of National Defense, in which aviation would be on a par with the others. Instead the Board recommends the creation of three assistant secretaryships, in the departments of War, Navy and Commerce, entirely for matters of aviation, thus providing a basis of unified action through a committee. This compromise is an ingenious method of sidestepping, and rather amusingly characteristic of this administration. With the War and Navy departments both holding on to their shares in the air service, and unwilling to let go, the Board of Inquiry doubtless felt that either could obtain sufficient support in Congress to block any measure of dispossession in favor of the other or of a third department. As to the proposal of a single department of National Defense, such as has long been recommended in the interests of economy and efficiency, both the War and Navy departments would be united against it; and their allies in Congress would be fired with double zeal for its rejection.

THAT matters were not proceeding smoothly with the Communist Revolution in the United States has been for some time apparent. The agency of that revolution, the Workers' party, is of course under the control of the Third International, and the leaders of the former are bound by discipline to decisions made in Moscow. That these do not always meet the situation in the United States is natural. For one thing, the whole outfit was shifted from New York to Chicago, greatly to the discontent of some of the comrades who found revolution in Greenwich Village a far pleasanter indoor sport than in Chicago. Since the shift to Chicago the course of the Workers' party has veered between the policy of Mr. W. Z. Foster to bore from within the trade union movement and that of C. E. Ruthenberg to attack it from without. Last summer a representative of the Third International was understood to be looking over the work with a design of salvaging the enterprise. According to his decision Foster, though elected party leader by a majority of votes, has his office abolished; and the Ruthenberg connection, though a minority, is given virtual control. Foster has hastened to Moscow to appeal and Ruthenberg has followed him to counter appeal. The present crisis affords an admirable test of loyalty. If Foster and his majority can continue cheerfully to obey orders in which they do not believe, and follow policies which they know are futile and discrediting, they will be entitled to the triple crown of revolutionary martyrdom.

WHILE the recognition of the Soviet government of Russia by the United States lingers in the lap of politics, the economic law of gravity has made that

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government our leading customer for raw cotton. The balance sheet of the All-Russian Textile Syndicate of September 30 shows among its assets cotton in transit to the amount of $10,201,257.06. That the purchase is financed through American banks is shown by the corresponding items of Bank Acceptances Discounted $5,100,000 and Bank Loans $2,500,000 for which the cotton in transit is pledged. Total purchases of cotton for the year ending September 30, 1925, amount to 297,848 bales at a cost of $44,284,833.27 as against 222,645 bales and $36,682,130.12 for the previous year. The Textile Syndicate is the purchasing agency for the All-Union Textile Syndicate of Moscow which manufactures 98 percent of the total production of textiles in Russia. Indicative of the industrial recovery of Russia are the following figures. The total number of workmen on cotton goods has risen from 132,553 in 1921-22 to 256,012 in 1924-25. The number of spindles has risen from 1,974,121 to 5,333,580 and the finished goods from 288,218,913 to 1,500,000,000 meters. Woolen and linen textiles show a similar advance. The Economic Bureau of Moscow estimates the total production as compared to the pre-war year 1912, as cotton goods 65.4 percent; woolen goods 82.7 percent; linen goods 107.3 percent.

ONE of the tasks for which M. Briand is specially fitted is the liquidation of the Syrian situation. There the French have gained some military successes over the rebels and have apparently made some progress with their policy of dividing their opponents on religious lines by arming the Christians against the Druses. A holy war if it does not materially help the French commanders in their campaign will at least palliate their failures. This is the explanation for its presentation by General Sarrail as his first line of defence. Nothing can be plainer than that the movement in Syria is political and goes straight back to the assumption of control by the French in 1919 against the expressed wishes of the inhabitants and in defiance of solemn promises of independence made by both France and England to the Arabs. General Sarrail minimizes the bombardment of Damascus, putting the loss at 135 persons killed and 250 houses destroyed. L'Humanité flatly accuses General Sarrail of falsehood, and places the killed at 1456, including 117 children and 219 women. There is sound, wholesome indignation in France over the conduct of General Sarrail, which may make it easier for M. Briand to deal with Syria at the sacrifice of French prestige.

IN assessing responsibility for such a scandalous rending apart of even the decent pretenses which have been used to cloak imperialism, too much guilt should not be laid to the individual. The final question is in regard to the system which leaves to a single man such an alternative as confronted General Dyer at Amritsar, or General Sarrail at Damascus. The responsibility rests upon those statesmen and party leaders who hold as a matter of policy the exercise of control over weaker, politically inefficient or divided peoples, and ultimately upon the nation which acquiesces in it. Nevertheless the man on the ground is properly held to account for the manner in which he interprets the policy. A government which requires for its maintenance the toll of blood which the English general took at Amritsar or the French at Damascus is ipso facto condemned. A domestic government which involved such a sacrifice would not be tolerated in normal times in France. Accordingly it is right that indignation should be roused against agents who fail conspicuously to uphold the lofty pretensions of imperialism. The attitude of a country toward such agents is in a sense a measure of its good faith. Great Britain, which failed to punish General Dyer and permitted the scandal of his reward by public subscription, can throw no stones at the French in Syria. The United States, whose promises to the world were flouted by the Anglo-French division of the Near East must be equally restrained. The French can properly retort that the people of the United States acquiesced in the occupation of Hayti which cost the inhabitants of the island 3000 lives; and that they went into an ecstasy over the bombardment of Vera Cruz which as an international episode is on a par with the bombardment of Corfu by Mussolini.

IF engineers want to keep the high position in public esteem they now enjoy, they will take great pains to avoid appearing as special pleaders for the powerful private interests who are frequent employers. It is an engineer's professional duty to discover and deal with engineering facts, not to put the weight of his authority behind interests which may be hostile to the public good. These observations are prompted by the resolution of the American Engineering Council to investigate Governor Pinchot's Giant Power report, at a meeting where a speaker characterized giant power as the greatest economic fallacy of the age. It will be remembered that the report showed the desirability of "giant power" developed for public service, as opposed to "superpower" developed with an eye solely on the gains of private utility companies. It was on the cards that the utilities would attempt to discredit it. Impartial engineering study of the report is highly desirable; and partisan criticism of it should be given due consideration. But it would be unfortunate for engineers and public alike if the study of the American Engineering Council should turn out to be partisan criticism masquerading as impartial study. There are well grounded suspicions that this will be the case. In order to allay them, the Council should take care that all shades of opinion, combined with adequate engineering skill, are represented on its investigating committee.

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Europe—United and Independent

"Locarno is the realization," said Stresemann with grim earnestness, "that only coöperation between the European nations can save Europe; that no nation can stand alone; that realism and idealism must go hand in hand, and that, without peace, Europe is lost and every nation in Europe is lost with it."

WHEN the Locarno agreements were initialed, several of the friends of the late Mr. Wilson, including Mr. Tumulty, wrote to the papers and claimed a considerable part of the credit for the American war President. It was he, they said, who had made Locarno possible. The claim will not bear examination. That Mr. Wilson did much to popularize the general idea of peace by agreement is assuredly true, but in his conduct of the negotiations in Paris he did not remain loyal to his own idea. The new treaties, although they do not legally supersede Versailles, are based on assumptions and involve processes of pacification contrary to those which were adopted by Mr. Wilson. At Versailles the Allies imposed by superior force a dictated peace on the Germans. Mr. Wilson was personally responsible for the failure to consult them. At the last moment Mr. Lloyd George was overtaken by conscientious scruples and proposed a genuine consultation. If Mr. Wilson had backed him up, the resistance of Clemenceau might have been overcome. But Mr. Wilson had by that time accustomed himself to the idea that Germany was a culprit. She must be punished and browbeaten rather than consulted. War with victory had rendered peace by agreement impossible—in his mind.

France and Great Britain are now forced to try the method which Mr. Wilson refused in May, 1919. For almost six years they ordered Germany about, and on two occasions they imposed costly penalties on her for failure to respond to what essentially were impossible demands. They undertook this policy on the assumption that an emancipated Germany, even if disarmed, would be a menace to European peace. But as a matter of fact the longer the policy prevailed the more precarious the peace of Europe became. The browbeating of Germany instead of increasing the sense of security had precisely the opposite effect. At the end of 1924 Europe was shivering on the threshold of political convulsions and social dissolution. The League of Nations was impotent. It had no power to deal with the cause of the insecurity. The apprehension, suspicions and animosities which were fomented in France and Germany by the latter's oppressive treatment were irresistibly infecting the whole of Europe. If Germany had not taken the initiative and started negotiations for a security compact which pre-supposed the abandonment of arbitrary dictation by the Allies and the renunciation on her part of resentment and revenge, the history of western Europe would have fulfilled the sinister prophecies of its Bolshevist enemies. Mr. Wilson's work in Paris had rendered Locarno not possible but necessary.

In the light of the Locarno treaties and their origin one unpalatable truth is beginning to stand out. No matter how the War ended, no matter whether the Allies would have won without American assistance, no matter even whether the Germans would have won, a similar policy of bullying and oppression of the vanquished by the victors would have produced a similar result. It would have undermined public order and forced, merely as a matter of European self-preservation, a sincere attempt to set up a peace by negotiated agreement. The result of economic exhaustion plus a policy of violence by the victors would in any event have been intolerable. The victory or defeat which the belligerents strained all their resources to obtain or avert has proved to be of less importance than the enervation which overtook the whole of Europe as a consequence of such a hideous waste of its economic and moral resources. Once so much waste had taken place the fundamental European problem, whichever side was victorious, was the problem of physical and moral restoration. Unless increased mutual confidence and some measure of mutual help were forthcoming, the victors would be involved with the vanquished in a common ruin.

If this interpretation of the European predicament is true, the contribution of the United States to the drama of the War and Peace is less consummate than we Americans have imagined. The part which popular legend assigns to America in the World War is that of friend and savior of European civilization who intervened to bring victory to the righteous cause and then, after the War was over, selfishly refused to underwrite the Peace. Europe's instability and misfortunes since the Armistice are from this point of view largely attributable to the withdrawal of America. As a matter of fact American military intervention seems in the light of existing knowledge much less salutary than it seemed at the time. It was the unnatural intrusion of an ignorant and clumsy but well-intentioned outsider into the affairs of Europe, brought about by the sheer fascination of the terrible drama and the inability of a romantic, sympathetic, credulous and decisively powerful people to resist the pro-war propaganda. But irrespective of whether they stayed out or went in, certain fundamental consequences of the wastage of the War were bound to determine the problem of Europe and its subsequent relation to America.

By allowing the War to take place and to last so many years, Europe, as compared with America, had impaired its political prestige and compromised its economic independence. The United States could have most effectively assuaged the misfortunes of Europe by using its power to stop the fighting, but a policy directed to that end would have

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aroused the resentment of both parties to the quarrel. Instead the American nation with the best of intentions prolonged the War by intervention, and in this way added considerably to the final prostration of the infatuated victims. According to the processes of a capitalist economy the United States could not assist Europe in ruining itself without benefiting from the disaster and without charging a heavy bill for its services. The American government, it is true, labored mightily during the year and a half of its participation in the War to exhaust its own resources without delay, but its reserves were too vast. The United States still possessed a sufficient surplus with which to satisfy the imperative economic needs of Europe at a price, and to take over profitable responsibilities which its European competitors could no longer afford to assume.

The relation between Europe and America during and since the War is coming to look like an ironic comedy of errors. Throughout the drama Europe pleaded for or demanded American assistance, but the plea was a symptom of weakness, and in so far as it was successful the weakness was encouraged and enhanced. The American people finally returned a reluctant response to the invitation. But they were not sure of themselves, and in order to conceal from their own conscience their ignorance and hesitation, they were obliged to inflate themselves with romantic and idealistic pretenses. For a year or so they were more European than the Europeans. They were dedicated to the cause of setting things right in Europe, no matter what the cost to America. But they were European for a fighting purpose and depended on victory for a weapon, and when the victory was won, they recovered their self-possession and seized the first pretext to withdraw. Their former illusory idealistic pretenses made the withdrawal look like a betrayal, but it was really a deliverance. American assistance in carrying on European quarrels does not provide an effective cure for the sickness of Europe. The sickness must remain until the European nations cure themselves by pulling themselves together. American intervention on the prescribed conditions prevented them from making the effort. American withdrawal really removed an insuperable obstacle to future coöperation for peace between a United Europe and an America which recognized the proper limitation of her powers and responsibilities.

At Locarno for the first time since the War began the European nations have acted as if they had learned this lesson. Only by union can Europe emancipate itself from blundering and debilitating American assistance, and the kind of union which it needs it must forge for itself. The original Covenant was too much influenced by the propaganda which brought America into the War. It sought to impose on all its signatories and particularly on the United States responsibilities which are born of the peculiar conditions of the European continent. Essential as American participation is in a League of Peace, the European nations can fairly be asked to provide by their own efforts against the causes of war which arise from the habitation of adjacent territory by many different national, racial and language groups; and they can make such provision only by a system of public law which guarantees the protection of frontiers against violation and acknowledges a general responsibility for the safety and the free development of national cultures. While Locarno does not travel very far in this direction, it is a manifest and important beginning. Yet it will amount to nothing if it is treated as an end rather than a beginning. The new treaties will not survive unless they are followed by further provisions for the welfare of Europe as a whole, such as the surrender of existing privileges, the removal of existing indignities and the lowering of existing political and economic barriers. If Locarno is as necessary as Herr Stresemann asserts, much more of the same medicine is no less necessary.

A really adequate union will concern itself with the careful husbanding and cultivation of European economic power and resources. In 1914 Europe was the greatest reservoir in the world of fluid capital, but temporarily destroyed its ability to renew the surplus. In their efforts at recuperation the European nations suffer from handicaps which are much more serious than before the War. Their armies are more costly than formerly and distract more workers from productive employment. Their national finances are disorganized to an extent which produces economic and social uncertainty. The area in which trade moves freely is more than ever circumscribed by protective tariffs. The wage-earners are underpaid and can furnish only a meagre demand for consumers' goods. The United States, which is not embarrassed by any of these drawbacks, has become a more capacious and overflowing reservoir of fluid capital than the whole of Europe was before the War. As long as they keep this advantage, Americans will continue this comparatively rapid accumulation of capital. European business will be tempted to borrow the surplus, but if much of it is borrowed, the burden of the debts will weaken Europe economically and bestow on America too much power over European affairs—the kind of exasperating power which is inseparable from the extension of credits on conditions advantageous to the lender. It is quite as necessary for European business to unite in order to free itself from the burdensome price which it is paying and will continue to pay for American loans as it is for European governments to unite in order to free Europe from the need of blundering American interference. Only something like free trade among the European states, a large measure of disarmament, industrial reorganization and standardization, heavy expenditures on plant equipment, and an advanced labor

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and social policy will enable them to escape the payment of a costly, irritating and enervating tribute to American money-lenders. In economics as in politics Europe can be independent if united, but if it remains divided it may become for a while a dependency of triumphant American capitalism.

Thoughtless Judges

THE recent settlement of the strike of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers against the International Tailoring Company and the J. L. Taylor Company closes another chapter in the history of the reckless issue of injunctions in American labor disputes. The strike bore all the earmarks of a typical labor dispute. The employer, the owner of two large clothing factories in Chicago and New York, decided at the end of June to operate under non-union conditions. He refused last May to sign the union agreement which all his fellow union manufacturers in Chicago were then renewing. He sought, he announced, to escape "union domination"; or, in other words, all those rules, regulations, safeguards, representing together a code of industrial law, which make the difference between a union and non-union state of affairs. The alternative before the union was either to surrender status and standards, which had converted a sweatshop industry into one of the most civilized in the country, or to strike. It struck.

As usual, the employer applied almost immediately to the courts for assistance. It requires no stretch of the imagination to believe that judicial aid was probably an important factor in the preliminary calculations of this employer, as it has frequently been with others. Nothing in the experience of American employers with their courts is designed to produce moderation and foresight in the avoidance of industrial conflict. If anything, the certainty of support, through drastic and far-reaching injunction orders, conduces to recklessness and carelessness which in the long run makes conflict inevitable. The situation turned out to be no different in this case. The courts responded to the employer's plea for help swiftly and effectively—except in Illinois, where, as we have previously pointed out, a recent state law limited the action of the court. In New York, however, on July 18 and again on August 12, Justices McGoldrick and Churchill of the Supreme Court of the state became participants in the strike by issuing temporary and permanent injunctions, whose literal enforcement would not merely have accomplished the reasonable purpose of suppressing the "threats and violence" alleged by the employer, but would have made the conduct of any strike impossible. They did this on the basis of affidavits by the employer solemnly averring, among other things, that the union was a conspiracy to ruin his business. Particularly drastic was Judge Churchill's final injunction order which restrained the union "from picketing the plaintiff's place of business . . . in any manner whatsoever, and from congregating or standing in the street within ten blocks in any direction from the said place of business. . . ."

After nineteen weeks of one of the bitterest strikes in the history of the union, and three months after the hostile gesture of the court, the conflict was ended with an agreement restoring all previous union arrangements. This employer, whose dash for freedom the New York courts were so quick to protect, now issues jointly with the union a statement to the effect that "the differences between the International Tailoring Co. and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have been amicably adjusted" in conference and that "it is to be expected that a satisfactory and peaceful relationship will from now on prevail between the union and this firm." Thus the hysterical intervention of the court to protect a business from the destructive practices of the union appears, at least, to have been premature. On the record the only effect of the injunction must have been to prolong the conflict, at great cost to all participating in it, and to postpone the settlement that would not involve sacrificing those essential standards of work and life, which have been the union's acknowledged contributions to its members.

It is unfortunately not often that the story of an injunction is as clear and as complete as it is in this case. But the essential facts are nearly always the same, even though the outcome is rarely so happy. This, moreover, will continue to be the story of strikes in this country, so long as employers look successfully to the courts for aid and comfort, for moral and material support in their fights against organized labor. Until such time as American jurists open their eyes to the realities of industrial relations and weigh in the balance the indispensable and genuine social achievements of organized labor movements, they will be assisting in the establishment of employers who seek profits and prosperity in their business through the evasion of those simple duties and obligations which more enlightened and generous employers have undertaken to assume.

Red Grange in Business

WHY did the story of Red Grange's first professional football game, in which he made $12,000 but no touchdowns, get on the front pages of the papers? This was merely a detail of business as usual. We do not see headlines reading: "President of Coleman's Toasted Toothpaste earns $25,000; over 40,000 persons buy tubes at drug stores." The story was as dull as traditional business doctrine itself: public demand creates a market; the market is exploited by an enterpriser; the essential raw material brings a high price. Now there would have been a startling story for a reporter interested in economics in many of Red's

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amateur games. "Grange makes seventy-yard run and four touchdowns with no hope of profit; teams play season without salary; gate receipts of nearly $100,000 handled by voluntary athletic association with no dividends; surplus devoted to non-paying sports; star wins popularity and draws crowds without a cent of advertising appropriation, salesmanship or publicity advice." Perhaps the editors were afraid such a story would be thought an obvious canard.

Red Grange seems indeed a wildly romantic figure, now that we can see him against the background of the dominant business culture. The incentive to achievement in a practical world is and must be, we say, the hope of gain. Vagrant theorists may argue that men may perform for fun, or for public esteem, or to conform to institutions, or because of group habit. But of course that is all speculation—in business you cannot get efficiency without private enterprise and a profit system. Until last week the obvious contradiction between these assumptions and Red Grange did not bother us because of course football, being a sport, was in a water-tight category of its own. But now that we suddenly see football as a business, it is pertinent to ask how so efficient a player ever arose without the pecuniary stimulus. This question may remain unanswered until, after a generation of professional football, we begin to assume that boys learn the straight-arm out of ambition to make as much money as Red Grange. And by that time—who knows?—it may be true.

It ought to be inconceivable to a man inculcated with economic doctrine that capital can be attracted for the construction of athletic plants and stadia without hope of return, that the enormous receipts and disbursements of the big games can be successfully handled by amateurs without financial stake in the surplus, that such a great enterprise could ever have been built up except by approved business methods. Separate companies should have experimented with numerous varieties of the game until the accumulation of profits by the most successful showed what the public really wanted. There should have been a free labor market, players being bought and sold from college to college. And, with the game once produced, was it not rash to attempt to sell it without sales managers, campaigns and national advertising? "Football is *Yale* Football. Insist on the Genuine." "Watch those Princeton Passes." "Colgate is Champion—and I don't Mean Maybe!" "Dartmouth leads them All." Such billboards should beautify the highways.

Surely it is immoral to subsidize an unprofitable enterprise by the proceeds of a profitable one. If you cannot make money by crew or track, that means that the public doesn't want them—or can't be made to pay. Why use the football surplus to perpetuate minor sports instead of reinvesting it in the industry itself, which is capable of far greater expansion? As for subsidizing tennis courts and golf courses for indigent students who can't afford their own—it is sheer pauperization. Such absurdities are always countenanced where profit is not the arbiter. Look at government ownership!

But there is a way out of this deplorable situation. Nearly all the members of the professional teams are college graduates, and according to Red Grange are better players than undergraduates on account of their age, experience and intensive coaching. This suggests making college football a major in the Business School and giving adequate credits—a measure which would resolve the conflict between sports and studies. If colleges can train men for $12,000 per game earnings as well as for the $100 per week of factory personnel managers it is their clear obligation to assume the responsibility officially. When that is done, the pillars of society who supply university endowments ought to give serious consideration to the menace which the popularity of voluntary football directs at the legitimate industry. If government should not compete with business, why should colleges do so? It is contrary to the Constitution and the wisdom of the founding fathers. Knock down the stadia at a sacrifice to Football, Inc., and permit no more amateur games in public.

Yet there are some of us who will cherish a faint scepticism about the ceremonials of business, especially when its cerements have clothed so lively an institution as football. Has the thing really suffered some sea-change because the symbolism of its reward has turned from campus glory to a percentage of gate receipts? Do business men and traditional economists really know what makes men behave as they do? May not the lingo of profits, dividends, interest, salesmanship, conceal a reality which might equally well be accounted for and managed through a wholly different set of conceptions? What would happen if we should soak Wall Street in the traditions of a collegiate world? Somehow we doubt whether the result would be a collapse of civilization—it might conceivably be an improvement. More touchdowns, more tennis courts, more fun.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Soviet Foreign Policy After Locarno

UNLESS all signs fail the Locarno Conference and its sequels, the signing of the Guaranty Pact and the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations, will constitute an important historical milestone in Eastern as well as in Western Europe. Foreign Commissar Chicherin's visit to Warsaw and Berlin and the detailed interviews on the subject of the Guaranty Pact which he gave out to the press in the German capital reflect the keen interest which the Locarno negotiations excited in Moscow. And there can be little doubt that Germany's reconciliation with the Western powers and entrance into the League of Nations introduce certain new factors into the international political situation which are likely to exert an important influence upon the future course of Soviet diplomacy.

The question may naturally arise whether Soviet foreign policy is really an important factor in world politics. The correct answer, I think, is unquestionably in the affirmative. Russia is no longer the broken, bankrupt, starving country of 1920 and 1921, incapable of aggression and protected against invasion chiefly by its size and isolation. The great famine of 1921-1922 marked the low ebb of Russia's resources. Since that time there has been a steady, uninterrupted process of recovery, which may be attributed partly to the cessation of war and blockade and partly to the action of the Soviet government in employing more workable economic policies. The extent of this recovery may be measured by the fact that, according to the most reliable estimates, Russian industrial and agricultural production will reach pre-war levels by the end of 1926 or the beginning of 1927.

Russia's political and military significance inevitably increases as the country returns to more normal economic conditions. Russia plays a lone hand on the international stage today; it is not involved in any binding alliances and it is free from the armament restrictions which have been imposed upon the defeated states. It is just for these reasons that its foreign policy is an especially interesting object of study.

Ever since the project was first broached the Soviet government has been consistently hostile to the idea of the proposed Security Pact, coupled with the condition that Germany join the League of Nations. The Soviet official and semi-official press has advanced argument after argument to dissuade Germany from going on with the Pact negotiations. The German government has been repeatedly warned that entrance into the League of Nations will make it difficult for the Soviet government to maintain the friendly relations which have prevailed between the two countries since the signing of the Rapallo Treaty in 1922.

The reasons for Russia's hostility to the Pact are fairly obvious. Ever since Germany took the initiative among the large powers in granting full political recognition to the Soviet government through the Rapallo Treaty Russia and Germany have been united by certain common bonds of interest. Both countries have remained outside the League of Nations; both have been treated as international outcasts by the Western powers. Russo-German relations have not indeed always been characterized by complete harmony. German business men have been disappointed because the Soviet government has not relaxed its rigid state monopoly of foreign trade and the action of the Berlin police in raiding the office of the Soviet Trade Mission in search of a suspected German Communist led to a serious diplomatic incident in the spring of 1924. The trial of three German students on the charge of being Fascist conspirators, in Moscow last summer, evoked bitter comments in the German press.

But, notwithstanding the maintenance of the foreign trade monopoly, German commercial agents have been canvassing the Russian field with unfailing assiduity, picking up whatever crumbs they could. And a strong conviction persists in German political and commercial circles that Germany's future lies in the East and consequently depends upon the development of friendly relations with Russia. Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German ambassador in Moscow, is a pronounced representative of this viewpoint; and his influence was helpful in steering the recent Russo-German commercial negotiations around the rocks which threatened to wreck them for a time, thereby bringing about the signing of the Soviet-German Commercial Treaty on October 12, 1925.

So long as Germany remained outside the League of Nations the possibility of a close coördination of Soviet and German foreign policies was never altogether excluded. But now, with Germany on the eve of entering the League, this possibility, in the opinion of Soviet observers, is very much diminished. "Germany has been drawn into the orbit of British diplomatic influence"; and "Germany has capitulated before England": these are the most familiar comments on the Locarno Pact in Soviet diplomatic and press circles. Immediately after the signing of the Soviet-German Commercial Treaty a high Soviet foreign office spokesman remarked:

> We cannot consider this Treaty as an insurance against the dangers to Russo-German friendship which may come as a result of Germany's agreement with the Western powers. League obligations take precedence over all other international obligations. So, if the League of Nations should decree a boycott of the Soviet Union, the provisions of our Commercial Treaty might be automatically annulled or suspended.

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The fact that in Moscow the Locarno Pact is generally regarded as a triumph of British diplomacy is alone sufficient to explain the Soviet government's attitude of hostility. For the antagonism between the Soviet Union and Great Britain is perhaps the most stable factor in the shifting and transitional stage of European political relationships.

This antagonism is, of course, nothing new in history. Throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century the average Englishman was inclined to look on Russia as the potential enemy, the half-savage bear which was waiting to clasp in a mighty hug the rich prize of India. The emergence of Germany as a formidable rival in the trade and colonial spheres led to the Russo-British entente of 1907; but this entente, which was based on little but mutual apprehension, lost its reason for existence when the German menace was eliminated as a result of the World War. The old conflict of interests in Asia would therefore in all probability have revived to complicate the relations between England and any Russian government. But there are at least two reasons why the antagonism between England under its present Conservative government and the Soviet Union is even sharper than might have been the case under different circumstances.

While the Soviet government has renounced the imperialistic designs of its Tsarist predecessor, its openly professed sympathy with the aspirations of the Eastern revolutionary nationalist movements is scarcely calculated to conciliate a power with England's colonial stakes. In fact it might well prove more difficult to find a formula for allaying the Russo-British conflict in Asia now than it was in the pre-war period. Tsarist Russia might be amenable to a suggestion for dividing Asia into "spheres" of Russian and British interest; but such an arrangement would scarcely be possible with the Soviet government so long as the latter remains consistent in its policy of friendship for "the oppressed peoples of the East" from Turkey to China.

It is not only in the East that the British Conservatives profess to see "the hand of Moscow." The growing tendency toward rapprochement between Russian and British labor is a cause of grave concern to the existing régime in England. The very favorable report of the British Trades Union delegation which visited the Soviet Union in the fall of 1924 and the skilful diplomacy of the Russian Trade Union President, Mr. Tomsky, in stressing the appeal of world labor unity have been important factors in persuading the British trade unions to adopt an attitude of friendly sympathy toward the Soviet system which is not at all characteristic of the non-Communist labor movement in America and on the European continent. The Soviet government of course has no official concern with the activities of the Russian trade unions, but the conservative-minded Briton is apt to make scant distinction between movements and policies which may plausibly be attributed to Moscow.

So the present coolness in Anglo-Soviet relations seems destined to endure, barring some quite unexpected development, such as a sweeping change in Soviet policies or the emergence of a radical Labor government in England. (It may be recalled that the conservative Labor government headed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald addressed a sharp note of protest to the Soviet government on account of an alleged letter addressed by Zinoviev, as President of the Third International, to the British Communist party. Zinoviev vigorously repudiated the authenticity of this letter and the British Trades Union delegation endorsed his repudiation. But the incident shows that even a moderate Labor government might quite conceivably fall out with the Soviet régime.)

The Locarno Pact, according to the prevalent judgment in Soviet circles, gives England a firm grip on the European balance of power. What is the Soviet counterstroke to this diplomatic victory of Russia's greatest enemy?

In the first place there is an obvious attempt to safeguard the western frontier of the Soviet Union by establishing friendly relations with Poland. Chicherin's rather ostentatious visit to Warsaw early in October merely symbolized and focussed public attention upon a process of rapprochement which has been unobtrusively going on between the two countries for some time. An understanding with Poland is of noteworthy strategic advantage to the Soviet government. Poland would almost certainly constitute the spearhead of any attack directed against Russia from Western Europe. The Baltic States are too small to represent a serious military menace to the Russian colossus; and Rumania would certainly not be likely to precipitate a war with the Soviet Union without obtaining some assurance of support from her Polish ally. Under these circumstances a Soviet-Polish agreement would certainly do much to rob the Guaranty Pact of its anti-Russian sting.

Poland has equally cogent reasons for desiring peaceful relations with her huge Eastern neighbor. Her expanding textile and other industries clamor for their old markets in the Russian hinterland. The Polish eastern frontier offers no geographical barrier to a Russian invasion; and immediately behind this frontier live millions of Ukrainian and White Russian peasants whose loyalty to Poland in a time of crisis would be doubtful, to say the least. Finally, and this is a point which has been much stressed by Soviet commentators, Locarno has not strengthened Poland's sense of security. England and Italy do not guarantee Poland's frontiers as they do those of France and Belgium. And the international guaranty of the inviolability of the Rhineland sets up at least a paper barrier against a singlehanded attempt on the part of France to cross German territory in defense of Poland.

Given this background it is easy to understand why Russia and Poland have been steadily moving

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in the direction of rapprochement during the last few months. The first visible sign of this tendency was the signing of a Soviet-Polish border convention last summer. This convention was calculated to settle some outstanding difficulties which had arisen in connection with border raids and to prevent the recurrence of such incidents in the future. Shortly afterwards the Soviet Commissariat for Foreign Trade and a number of Polish industrialists formed a joint stock company for the purpose of facilitating import and export operations. It seems most probable that a Soviet-Polish commercial treaty will soon be in process of negotiation; and the two countries have already reached an agreement on certain regulations affecting railroad transport. While the rumors that the Soviet government has proposed to guarantee Poland's western boundary against Germany may be dismissed as highly improbable, the present policies of the two governments are clearly designed to prevent any flare-up of the Russo-Polish hostilities which ended with the conclusion of the Peace of Riga in 1921.

Secured in the rear by the establishment of friendly relations with Poland the Soviet government is able to devote a still larger share of its diplomatic activity to what is perhaps its most promising field of operations: the Far East. Moscow is now full of Oriental diplomats and business men. Soviet, Japanese and Chinese representatives are participating in a triangular railroad conference which has been called for the purpose of eliminating existing frontier difficulties and establishing direct communication between Moscow and Tokyo. The Russo-Japanese negotiations which are supposed to give Japanese firms important coal and oil concessions in the northern half of the island of Sakhalin have been prolonged beyond the time limit set by the Russo-Japanese Treaty of last January; but it seems likely that the Japanese will eventually get the concessions. A number of Japanese business representatives have been studying the possibilities of developing the fisheries and the lumber and mineral resources of the Russian Far East.

Russia is pursuing with boldness and success an original policy in China, a policy based upon active sympathy with the more radical and nationalist elements which are contending for mastery in that disorganized and chaotic country. Mr. Hu Han Min, Foreign Minister of the radical Canton government, arrived in Moscow about the middle of October; and a delegation representing the Chinese "Christian General" Feng-yu-Hsiang is also in the Russian capital. The Soviet government has already helped the Canton régime tide over a serious crisis by sending fuel from Vladivostok and Russian officers are assisting in the training of the Canton-Chinese army. A high Soviet diplomatic official recently remarked that a lively trade was going on between Russia and the western Chinese territories controlled by General Feng, at the same time smilingly disclaiming any knowledge as to whether arms and munitions played any part in this "lively trade."

As the only country which has voluntarily renounced extra-territoriality and other special privileges enjoyed by most foreigners in China the Soviet Union has won considerable favor among the Chinese nationalists. There are indications that the Soviet government is trying to persuade Japan to adopt a similar policy toward China; and, while an attitude of discreet reserve has characterized Japanese policy up to the present time, such incidents as the passage of the American Immigration Law and the decision of the British Conservative government to build a naval base at Singapore have certainly strengthened the advocates of a Russian orientation in Japan.

So it seems likely that in the immediate future the Soviet Union will take its natural place as a great Asiatic power, with more interests in the Pacific than in Europe. Economically Russia is becoming more closely connected with Western countries as its imports and exports expand; Soviet business and industrial representatives are placing larger and larger orders in England and Germany and America. But politically the trend of the Soviet Union is toward the East; and Locarno will in all probability accelerate this trend.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN.

Divorce as Manners and Customs

MANNERS none—and customs horrid." So wrote the English midshipman in his Australasian diary. Suppose he landed among the wild men of Borneo and began observing their customs of marriage and divorce! Some boasting lawgiver would describe the authority which he claimed to exercise. The priest—or what's his name—would explain the conditions under which dusky divorcées were damned or saved—or whatever those results are called in Borneo. But the midshipman of old or the observer of the National Geographic Society today might well be quite cold to such answers. He would rather ask, "How many wives, in fact, does a headman have in one life?" "Are they parallel or tandem in their arrangement as to time or space?" "Can the lawgiver or priest enforce rules with which the headman is out of sympathy?" "Do the children, whom the lawgiver and priest call bad names, nevertheless get their share of the good things in life? And a chance at the possessions and the headman's job afterwards?"

It is time to examine the divorces of civilization with the same nickel-plated torch of electric truth with which we should spy upon those whom we call savages.

Let us begin with Yucatan. When the chaste matrons of the Back Bay used to attend the Boston Museum to endure with dignified approval the rhythmic posturing of the daughter of Ole Bull, and

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endorse the play written by a church organist, the theatre used to remain full after the danseuse had retired. It was full because Wild Rosy of Yucatan was coming back upon the stage. Why the actress then claimed Yucatan as her legal residence is hard to guess; but any actress may wisely claim residence there now if her idea of a home residence is that it be well adapted for divorce purposes. Fifteen days and fifteen dollars are the only requisites for divorce in Yucatan. (See the lively acount of a case in The Boston Post of February 11, 1925.)

In Yucatan the decree of divorce may be as many inches square and as handsomely printed or engrossed as any from Paris. Its seals may be as red as any from Reno. The next marriage follows, performed by the same judge before the parties leave the court-room—and the National Geographic Magazine may some day be filled with a well-illustrated and sufficiently-clothed series of photographs representing how they all live happily ever afterwards in Yucatan. The petitioner whose story I am relating probably testified that he was a resident of Yucatan, but he held on to a government department job in Washington, D. C., to which he returned on the round trip of his steamer. So long as Yucatan public opinion gives support, why ask the priests at Rome or the lawgivers of Main Street and Babbittville? And, if Babbittville public opinion sustains such a returning couple, why inquire at the County Seat about the theory of the law?

The manners and customs of the savages of Bulgaria are likewise apposite. I disclaim, at once or sooner, all intention of reflecting upon the Bulgarians themselves. The savage whom I have in mind is a graduate of a leading American college. The knowing can identify him through the circumstance that he has often published his contempt for his Alma Mater. (See the omissions in his biography in the Class Book of 189—.) He went to Bulgaria, took notes of its manners, and observed that its lawgivers treated divorce as something within the province of the priest, rabbi, or even missionary. And he returned from Bulgaria with a Bapt-odist divorce. The public opinion of his native state rather supported the first wife. But he had reigned there for a time—powerful, eccentric, and able to rely upon a great body of public opinion behind his eccentricities. His only mistake was his supposition that the time was ripe for similar support of his divorce.

Since the New Republic carries no advertisement for the excellent soft drink which Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes has declared innocent save for "a faint aureole of poison," (Coca Cola, Inc. vs. Koke Co. 254 U. S., page 143) this lucubration may go to lubricate its course with the manners and customs of the savages of Reno, Nevada. I disclaim again! The home life of permanent residents on Main Street in Reno may be as pure as the "home life of our own dear Queen." He whom I have in mind is a Southern Colonel, expert exploiter of a drink, and the court records of his once chivalrous but soon fragile affection.

The court records show the lady's voyage to Reno, her tarrying hard by the post office, whence she mailed her frequent promises of return—and handy to the railroad station, with reservations made for the day after the divorce. But they also show his not at all chivalrous use of her confidential and somewhat affectionate correspondence. Repelling her breach of promise claim, he contended successfully that her Reno divorce was waste paper; that she was, therefore, a married woman when she promised to marry him; and that to such premature rearrangements the law permits no validity.

Now the point here is that there was a real Southern Gentleman in the case—he was on the bench—and, while he helped the jury to put this somewhat Circassian plaintiff where she belonged, he kept an eye out for the future of the fair Georgians who live on Main Street of his state. No Southern Gentleman—so one reads between the lines of the printed opinion—would contest a Reno divorce so as to bastardize the innocent issue of the next marriage. This judge at least would meet that by requiring an overwhelming certainty of fraud. And he means, and frankly almost says, a certainty so great that it could never be proved. The criminal practice of the state of New York requires the same proofs before convicting for the crime of adultery. "It isn't done" in either place.

Borneo, Yucatan, and Reno point the moral for Paris, France, and for the marvelously secretive divorce which may or may not be obtainable in the summer Paris of a state which I hesitate to advertise. These Paris divorces and their like are bought and sold for a particular use and good for exactly that. A brilliant leader of the New York bar, expounding the then latest decision of the Supreme Court of the United States (Bell vs. Bell, 1901), said in 1902 that he was still advising clients to get Reno divorces. "They want to use them for only one thing," he said, "they want to take them out to dinner in New York society with the second husband, and these divorces are just as good for that as New York society pleases to make them."

In the twenty and more years since then public opinion has come around even more completely and now supports all such divorces and mill-end products. On Main Street everywhere they are good for everything they are bought for at the Paris shops. In the next generation a man would be expelled from his Rotary Club and a woman from her Garden Club if either should start to contest one of these divorces in court.

The opposition of priests and lawyers is then really of no importance whatsoever. The priests may say that the divorced ones are still married and the new alignment sin. Every one knows that the priests say that. The lawgivers are equally positive in declaring that such divorces are legal waste paper. And it will be a shock to most readers to

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learn that that is as true as printed law can make it. For the great American public is now engaged in shutting its ears, its eyes, its mind, and even its nose, to the gap between our divorce law and our divorcing. In that way it shows its respect for that law.

There isn't a particle of doubt in the lawyer's mind about these Paris divorces. He can prove that they are waste paper, legally speaking. He is as outspoken in his contempt for their nullity as the returning ocean passengers are in their serenity about being happily divorced. The printed law goes so far that the courts of every state which makes adultery a crime are supposed to convict the divorced spouse of adultery with the next party to the next ceremony—granted always the proofs that Paris was not a permanent home. Every child of the next marriage will likewise be bastardized.

But the printed laws are powerless before the Juggernaut car of American custom. These divorces are going to keep on being good because those who get them will fight for them, and those who have the right to fight against them will lie down and be rolled over. They won't "go through with it." So that's that!

WILLING RATTRAY.

August Florida in November Retrospect

I AM filled with warmth and the promise of snap and vigor in tomorrow's day as I walk down a purple and old rose New York canyon toward the sun. The gray sea beating against the Long Island shore sings a grander symphony for me than the golden waves curling over the most desirable beach property on Florida's East Coast. I love the chaste, shorn limbs of the elms and maples and willows as they stand out simply and gracefully against the expanse of the Hudson across from Tarrytown. I would not trade them for all the palms in Florida. All this sounds like the grossest heresy in the light of the literature flooding the most remote hamlets of these United States on the Eden awaiting pioneers in our new tropical Klondike.

I was in Florida in August. The day after I arrived I sought sanctuary from the pitiless noonday glare at the counter of an ice cream parlor. My mouth watered for a long cool drink in a tinkling glass. A crowding mass of humanity had the same idea. A large sign confronted us: "No ice today." As we stood there and discussed real estate with that touch of Midas that makes the whole world kin, one burly realtor swallowed his lukewarm limeade in one gulp, thumped his fist on the counter and shouted in an inspired tone, "I tell you, there's nothing like it. Florida has the most remarkable all-the-year-round climate in the world." "Nothing like it in the world," the crowd responded with the volume of a Metropolitan Opera House chorus. Not one of them felt the humor of the situation. The basso realtor was vigorously wiping his wilting bulk with a towel—no handkerchief could have risen to the emergency.

I was in the heart of the boom country in a town not many miles from Miami. Am I disparaging to call it a town? The stanch pillars of society —old residents of four months—were already regarding it as the metropolis of one hundred and fifty thousand they claimed it would be ten years hence. Business lots were exchanging owners with soaring values that would have done credit to Times Square. Enterprising citizens were subdividing "suburbs" ten minutes from the post-office as if they already had the commuting population of Westchester County to draw upon. But town it was and town I shall continue to call it, in spite of the fact that it had grown from two thousand to twelve thousand in less than two years.

On the main street were the two leading hotels, an imposing hardware store anticipating the agricultural development of the Everglades to the hinterland, two or three ice cream parlors, a drugstore, four jewelry stores holding out glittering possibilities for the "paper" millionaires, two banks, an apology for a dry goods emporium and all the intervening spaces occupied with real estate offices as strategically placed as pawns on a chessboard. They were everywhere, those real estate offices, stretching out to infinity, even elbowing barbecue stands to attract the passing tourists to the sidewalkless wastes. Nothing daunted them. Across from the hardware store an aggressive realtor, impatient of delay, had already set up office with a deal table, some blue-prints and a kitchen chair on a cement floor hardly dry. The masons were still plastering the walls and the roof was a thing of the future.

One day I was foolhardy enough to linger in front of a real estate office. I was attracted by a map spread across two wide plate glass windows to advertise a new development not far from Palm Beach. It was a lovely map with trees and parks and fountains and Venetian canals and Spanish courtyards and Italian villas, and all the glories of a place that was not yet but soon to be. The whimsical legendary quality of it delighted me like that map of The Heart of Britain's Empire that hangs over my shelf of the Wisdom of the East series between a marble Chinese Buddha and a brass menorah. But one did not dream long on the streets of that town so close to Miami. A bronzed athlete in white knickers and a soft silk shirt sprang out from behind one of the eight flat top mahogany desks. He seized my arm.

"I see you are interested in our new development."

"I was just looking," I protested feebly in my best department store manner.

"I see you are interested," he ignored me severely. "It shows you have imagination and real busi-

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ness sense. Now that's the biggest thing on the East Coast. Four New York millionaires are back of it and are going to build their winter homes here." He pointed a finger at a stretch by the sea. "We are going to have two big hotels, arched bridges across the canals, the biggest dance pavilion and the biggest swimming pool in Florida. Almost everything is sold, but here is one beautiful lot for you," and his pencil hovered temptingly over the magic figure 223.

"But that must be at least two miles from the ocean, and I wouldn't consider anything but ocean property," I parried, trying to find a fly in the ointment.

"You don't understand values. This is a choice, an exceptionally rare bargain. Only twenty-five hundred down and the next payment of five thousand in three weeks. Why, you can sell it before the first of December for a hundred thousand dollars. Most exclusive property on the East Coast. You'll be making a fatal mistake if you don't take it. I won't have any left by the end of the week."

"I'll think about it over night and let you know in the morning," I finally extricated myself.

I walked toward Broadway, a narrow road between the two principal business streets. On one corner a man's outfitting store did a rushing business in collars and shirts. Next door a ladies' toggery shop boasted an equal popularity, for no feminine wardrobe could long withstand the ravages of Florida heat in August. Across the street a grocery displayed wilted lettuce and undersized bananas and occasional peaches, but for the most part the stock consisted of canned goods. An indifferent motion picture house, a lunch room heavy with the smell of frying lard, and more real estate offices completed the picture, but the keystone of Broadway was the telegraph office. From early in the morning until midnight its hospitable doors were open and its patrons oozed into the road. The telegrams, addressed to relatives and friends in the home town, were more or less of a laconic pattern: Send ten thousand at once. Will triple in four weeks.

The post-office was even busier than the telegraph station. Long, wistful queues trailed from all its windows around the corner past the bank. The post-office department still assumed that there were only two thousand people in the town, but anyone who passed the General Delivery window at nine-thirty in the morning was convinced of the twelve thousand. Mail was often delayed several days. One ingenious person with true capitalistic spirit hired a carpenter to build him two thousand pigeon holes with proper fronts and keys. He made some arrangement with the post-office to collect the mail, and he rented out his little boxes for a dollar a month. They were all snapped up in two days.

The hotel where I was staying was always crowded—sometimes ten or fifteen would be spending the night in the big leather armchairs in the lobby—but the taciturn, solemn manager did not raise his prices. Summer rates were summer rates, but one accepted with them summer service. The manager refused to serve meals and he scathingly rebuked three innocent newcomers who attempted to use one of the darkened parlors. Two freckled youngsters from North Carolina ran the elevator. But usually the elevator was out of order, or the two boys were across the street eating ice cream sundaes or carrying ice water (only there never was any ice) to someone's room. The harassed chambermaid struggled to provide towels, but there never were enough towels to go around. She was a tall, rawboned, overworked woman from the mountains of Tennessee, and at the end of the day after she had finished her two floors she was only too glad to take home your laundry, because she was trying to put her daughter through business college that she might get a job in a real estate office. The gold of El Dorado had not yet been poured at her toil worn feet.

Everyone ate at Carter's—Carter's, the old-time place that dated back to the days before the boom—with covered portico over the sidewalk. One might conjure up a picture of fried chicken and waffle dinners served by beaming Negroes in spotless linen, but those dinners have all moved up to New York. Besides, one saw very few Negroes in the town. The waitresses were white, and I became well acquainted with them in the month I ate at Carter's. Their amusing apologies made more endurable the dirty tablecloths and the interminable lunches of red snapper, succotash and bitter iced tea, and the breakfasts of warm prunes and cereal moistened with condensed milk. The cream was always gone or the milk train had not arrived. I am convinced that there are not more than four cows in southern Florida. Min was from Boston and had already bought four lots and had "binders" on two more and was planning to build a house for speculation. Soft spoken Grace from Georgia attracted all the men, but she adopted the motherly-interest attitude and let them all know she was married. Sally just loved to dance, and as she skipped from table to table you forgot that the steak was tough. The proprietor of Carter's and his roly-poly wife were much more interested in real estate than the restaurant, so they imported a man from Mississippi to run the place. In three days he was interested in real estate, too, and he pencilled fantastic profits on the backs of menus when he should have been ringing up the cash register. He was a little scornful of Florida, though, and explained that back where he came from there was a boom on, too, but one had to put real greenbacks on the table—no paper profits in Mississippi.

On the hotel porch one learned quickly the real estate jargon—binders, developments, subdivisions, abstracts, titles, escrow. A glib tongue, a leather wallet and a connection with one of the big devel-

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opment companies soon flung another graduate into the ranks of full-fledged realtors, who annihilated doubting pessimists with the withering rebuke, "You have no vision." The new arrivals from the North were called snowbirds because they kept their coats on, but the second day the coats were off, and usually by the third day the collars were, too. They came from everywhere, from Georgia, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, from Nebraska and Wyoming—all bent on the same quest.

For the most part it was a town of men. A New York cartoonist had abandoned art temporarily, hoping to make his pile and clear out quickly. A youth of twenty had left college in the middle of his course because his father thought the experience would be worth two college degrees. A young engineer from Boston had come with aspirations of laying out subdivisions like dream cities, with gardens and streets fragrant wtih fruit trees, but he had to abandon his utopian ideas to build three-room houses, put up almost overnight and finished with some gay stucco, "Spanish style." They were not homey, those houses, with fireplaces that did not draw, but few people expected to live in them. They served their purpose if they were bought for ten thousand dollars and changed owners for fifteen thousand the following week. A few men were planning to send for their families later when they could buy one of the little stucco houses "Spanish style." The more ambitious "paper" millionaires were dreaming of Mediterranean cruises and pearl necklaces for the little wife.

No one read any books in that town. The news of the world did not break through. The papers carried only real estate news, which was avidly devoured. No one talked about anything but real estate. At five in the morning when one went swimming the conversation began with "binders"; in the cool of the evening when one motored along the shore with the moon shining silver through the fronds of the palm trees, the moon was useful only to point the way to particularly desirable lots that could still be had for a song and turned over at an amazing profit. The favorite romance was the story of the wife of a dentist in Miami who owned a one-story building between two hotels, with the hotels bidding against each other for the property. But the wife of the dentist refused $700,000. She was holding out for three million.

All day long and half the night the cars shot through the main artery of the town, old broken-down flivvers with tents and bundles tied grotesquely to the sides, limousines of more aristocratic lineage, cars from Kentucky, Idaho, California, New Jersey, Illinois, from everywhere. There was hope, enthusiasm, and perhaps underneath it all a spirit of adventure that had nothing to do with money. Like the Oregon settlers who left the seekers for California gold at the crossroads, there were some home-builders among them, no doubt, men who wished to turn the Everglades into a tropical paradise of fruit and vegetables for all America. But most of them were seeking fortunes, not homes. The contractor who chartered a freighter to carry to Miami "knock-down" houses of the most approved mail-order architecture quite understood the restless psychology of the "on to Florida" pioneers as well as the exigencies of the building trade.

But I throw another log on the fire and I would not change the thought of skating down the bend of the Hudson with the wind whipping against my face for a whole winter of golf in Florida. I prefer the home my friends are building with their own hands, stone by stone, across from Tarrytown—building love and permanence and beauty into it—to all the Spanish patios in Florida.

ELSIE WEIL.

Washington Notes

UNLESS they have a change of heart between now and December 7, when Congress convenes, a thoroughly hard-boiled policy will be inaugurated and followed by the Republican House leaders. Such is the broad general idea, I am told, of both the new Speaker, Mr. Longworth and the new majority leader, Mr. John Q. Tilson, Jr. There is to be no dilly-dallying with the Progressive Republicans, no compromise with insurgency. The twelve followers of the late LaFollette who sit in the House—they include ten of the eleven members from Wisconsin, one from Minnesota and one from North Dakota—are to be dealt with sternly, put definitely in their places, punished for their break away from the Coolidge ticket by committee assignments that leave them on the side-track where they can speak, but not yell. If necessary, it is stated the rule of seniority will be broken to do this.

The determination of the leaders is to have the House machine function as far as they can as it did in the good old days and to permit no interference with the will of the majority. To this end the first step contemplated is the adoption at the outset of the rules not of the 68th or last Congress, but of the 67th Congress. This means the elimination of that rule forced by the Democrats and Progressives by which one-third of the House membership was enabled to call a bill out of a committee. They may modify this program before they finally meet, but right now such is the amiable intention.

Months ago in this column I expressed the conviction that the elevation of Nicholas Longworth from the position of majority floor leader to the Speakership did not mean relinquishment by him of the actual leadership. This idea seems now to be borne out by the facts. Through this session it will be found that the actual leadership of the House majority is in the Longworth hands. He has not now and never did have any notion of confining his activities to presiding over the House. He intends to direct it as well as preside over it, not in the arbitrary, dictatorial, Billy-be-damned way of a Cannon, but with the smiling suavity, good fellow, "I'm one of the boys" method which is natural to him.

It remains to be seen whether he can make this sort of leadership as effective as the other sort. I am inclined to think he can and will. One reason is because he will have, in this session at least, the backing of the White

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House and an access to and pull with influential party leaders in the Senate and outside which no one else in the House has.

It is the Longworth idea to lead, but to lead without friction. It is his further idea to make no mistakes either as a leader or a presiding officer at this session, but to come out of it with his prestige and popularity enhanced. Speaker Longworth has his eye on the future. Of that little fact there is not much room for doubt.

The value to the public of the twice a week conference between the newspaper correspondents and the President with which the latter will permit nothing to interfere and which the former attend in an eternal spirit of hope and usually leave in a complete state of befuddlement, was never better illustrated than a few weeks ago when some forty and more of the leading molders of public opinion grouped themselves in front of the august Cal. In reply to a written question as to his attitude on the issue raised in New York by District Attorney Buckner who holds that it is better to leave the small bootleggers and the hip-pocket boys alone and concentrate law enforcement efforts upon the source of supplies and the big professional violators, Mr. Coolidge said a few words. The correspondents rushed off and in the papers next morning appeared long Washington dispatches indirectly quoting the "White House Spokesman" in accordance with the rule. Half of the correspondents wrote that the President's position was directly opposed to that of Mr. Buckner, that he would sternly insist upon all violators of the law, little as well as big, being prosecuted and that he was entirely out of sympathy with the policy of overlooking small violations. The other half were equally emphatic in asserting that the President was completely in accord with Mr. Buckner's views and felt that better results could be gained if the calendars were not cluttered up with the insignificant cases. The New York Times, the Public Ledger, the faithful Herald-Tribune took the first view. The New York World, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and various other papers took the other.

I maintain that this is art—this ability to express two views on the same question at one time and still keep in a position to repudiate either one or both as it may seem best later on. His reply to that question and the conflicting interpretations put upon it by the correspondents are entirely typical of these conferences. Mr. Coolidge manages them with an adroitness that compels admiration. He has not, I think, any conscious intent to deceive or mislead, or to "put anything over." What he does is natural to the man. He recognizes to the full their value to him, but he is on the defensive nevertheless. He answers the questions put to him with characteristic caution and shrewdness, with a perfectly natural desire to avoid pitfalls and traps, and to have nothing go out that can do him political damage.

For this reason he passes over completely all questions of an embarrassing nature and to many others his answers are ambiguous largely because he does not know the answer. Exactly what were his words in this Buckner matter no one can now state. The only record of them is that taken by the President's personal stenographer, but it is a safe bet that he said nothing emphatic. It was the correspondents who did that.

As the Democratic members of the House and Senate gather here in anticipation of the opening of the session one cannot help being impressed with the fact that their party, as a party, is still about as flat as it is possible to get. Leadership is lacking, discipline is lacking, policies are lacking, even ideas are lacking. On taxes, tariff, World Court, railroad consolidation and agriculture they are split forty ways from Sunday. There is in sight no economic issue upon which they can unite and they are not in a position, as I see it, to function as a very effective minority in the Senate. It is possible that after the session gets well under way things will so shape up as to enable them to get together with sufficient solidity to effect a combination with Republicans of independent and insurgent proclivities in the Senate in the way they did last time. But certainly they cannot do that on the tax program. Too many Democratic Senators have already, yielding to the business and newspaper pressure behind them in their states, fallen into line with the Mellon-Coolidge plan to halve the 40 percent surtax and reduce the federal inheritance tax. Mr. Coolidge will, I think, get much needed help from these Democrats. Without their votes his taxation program, even in modified form, could not hope for passage in the Senate. But he has some Democratic support. The propaganda has been too overwhelming for them to stand up against.

Of course the Democrats are cheered over the prospects of making gains in the 1926 elections and of course they will make them, but not because in any respect they have been revitalized as a national party. The seats in the House and Senate they gain will be due wholly to the natural swing back in normal Democratic states from the high Republican tide that sweeps over them in presidential elections. When local issues and personal popularity of state candidates is combined with the swing-back, the Democratic gains are a matter of course, conceded by every practical political leader on both sides. They, however, will be not in the least significant of the rehabilitation of the Democratic party in a national sense, nor indicative of its ability to make more than a sham battle in 1928.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The New Higher Criticism

CONTRARY to the popular belief, science is very largely a matter of imagination. The scientist who, confronted with a fact, goes baying down its trail until he comes upon the lair of an established hypothesis is as mythical as Sherlock Holmes. Your actual, flesh and blood scientist has a mind like a pack of hounds all barking down different trails, most of them old scents and false leads. It is not some uncanny intuition for the one true lead that brings him to his quarry so much as the keenness of his perception of every possible scent. Did not Darwin remark somewhere that it only required one fresh fact to start at least three new theories in his imagination? He was, at all events, an admirable exponent of the method, a method which an American physicist has called that of "multiple possible hypotheses." For every set of facts more than one cohering explanation is possible, and all must be entertained until it becomes clear which one ties up with the widest possible range of evidence, and even then the clear weather of approximate certainty may be overcast again by a fresh gathering of data.

Science is therefore an ever fruitful source of error, and is able to extricate itself from its own multiple mistakes only by being as ready to abandon mischievous proposals as it

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was facile in originating them. But not so the populace! Indeed, the general public must often seem to scientists to make up for what it lacks of imagination by a most exasperating persistence. What the feelings of the musician are who hears his youthful follies flung back at him by every hurdy-gurdy can only be fully appreciated by the scientist who comes upon his own abandoned theories in the school books of his children. But if the public has been dull, the scientists themselves have sometimes been a little vivid. To carry on their work in the face of indifference to their discoveries they have occasionally based their "appeals" for support on their hypotheses, somewhat in the spirit of the honored president of the university of a great western state, who used to obtain appropriations by declaring a "Farmers' Day," fêting his agricultural electorate with banner corn and blue ribbon hogs, and slipping in his own department of philosophy as a division coöperating in the investigation of hog cholera.

However all this may be, we have had a plethora of hog cholera science in the United States. There have been many crops—intelligence quotients, libidos, instincts, and so on, the most recent and prolific growth being the noble Nordic, that blonde dolicho-cephalic giant of brawn and brain whose virile stock is being choked by the tares of immigration, or will be unless he can be made to understand the new decalogue of science and multiply before it is too late. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe for writing the biography of the great Nordic, since he is still very much alive; but it will make a delightful study for a scientific Lytton Strachey. The fear of race suicide we have always with us. It is simply one phase of the universal and inevitable family-class-nation-race egotism that mankind seems to have obtained from nature in exchange for the prehensile tail, and from Abraham to Roosevelt men have always advocated that women should take drastic steps to provide against it. What is new is only the passing Nordic, and even he is not so suicidal, if you consider that he has been revived after some thousands of years of hybridized reversion. As a figment of anthropology, the dolicho-cephalic blonde is an innocuous antiquity. The principles of heredity, too, by which human destiny is now discovered to be ruled, are mild enough. They were derived from sweet peas, and have been applied chiefly to common flies. Between the hypothetical Nordic man of the last ice age and the present races of Europe lies the whole span of recorded history; between the colors of sweet peas and the child who is father of the man lies almost the entire animal kingdom. These are wide gaps. But the seeds of sensationalism have blown across them and, fertilized by the vanities and hatreds of war and cultivated by the zealots of the Mayflower and the saviors of the Ku Klux Klan, they have produced fruit in a season's growth.

Viewing the matter sub specie æternitatis, there is no cause for alarm. As Professor Morris Cohen has remarked in another connection, the human organism is very tough and can stand many cures. Where now are the intelligence quotient, and the Œdipus Complex? In the laboratory and clinic, where they belong. Scientists generally know and say, when they take the trouble, that the great Nordic is a myth and his propagation a premature hypothesis. No first rate anthropologist, anywhere in the world, supports the claim of any living people to be of pure bred Nordic stock. The heredity biologists, who form a somewhat separate division with laboratories of their own, seem to have agreed to claim the powers avowed by Jehovah in his conversations with Abraham as a matter of departmental loyalty; but their claims are not supported by their colleagues in the profession. There is a great noise in the land, but it is the noise of little men shouting to crack their throats.

But it is the little men who have the biggest audiences, and though an audience is a transitory generation, it has nevertheless a just claim to be cured of transitory ailments. If we are not to be perpetually miseducated, someone has got to take the trouble to tell us the truth. We should be very grateful, therefore, to Mr. John Langdon-Davies. He came to this country with a boyish zeal to see the world and eagerness to tell us about Mr. MacDonald, and since he is the most engagingly youthful Labor politician we have entertained, he has seen a good deal of us. But since he is also, as it happens, an Oxford anthropologist of impeccable scientific training, his eye has naturally been caught by the stalking Nordic, and so Mr. Huebsch has induced him to write a book about it—The New Age of Faith, in which he overwhelms our anthropological fallacy not with a vast array of evidence, but—quite wisely—with an extraordinarily bright and witty forensic style. Mr. Langdon-Davies will not be more popular for having written this book, especially since he reminds his readers every now and again that they are but Americans. We tell those stories of his differently. In our anecdotes his American lady who accepted the universe and English author who said she'd better, have been Emerson and Harriet Martineau! But he has pulled the asses' ears over the heads of Messrs. Stoddard and Wiggam, and must therefore be accorded the order of Mencken, first class, with three hammers.

There was a young man who said, "Damn!
I distinctly perceive that I am
A creature that moves
In predestinate grooves;
I'm not even a bus, I'm a tram."

There is no answer to this argument.

C. E. Ayres.

Thankless Perfection

NOW that The Last Night of Don Juan is closed and over with, a venture in the theatre that met with small success, people are saying that the play itself might have been interesting if it had been better done. The playing for the most part centred on one rôle, that of the hero, and so it all amounts to saying that if the protagonist had been played better, the whole event might have been delightful. This way of talking is what we hear whenever anyone tries Sheridan or Congreve or Molière, any drama in which there is a need for style and finish in the manner of the traditional and more polished theatres of former times.

In The Last Night of Don Juan much of the burden of this finish and dexterity fell on Mr. Logan's shoulders since he essayed Don Juan, and so it is easy to settle on him for blame. But as a matter of fact he has done us a favor. His case opens up the subject and is a comment on the state of our stage.

For realistic acting we do very well. You may take Miss Laurette Taylor in the new Hopkins production, In a Garden. What she does is poignant and certain, beautiful playing all through, filling out and enriching the rôle, bringing to it what can give it humor and tears and wings beyond itself and yet never violating the meaning intended for it. You may take Mr. Glenn Hunter's young Woodley; it is well graded, well sustained and convincing throughout, full of a talented use of the actor's peculiar resources

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and secured by a shrewd sense of the audience that he is playing to. Miss Helen Gahagan likewise gives a good performance in the same play. There is Miss Josephine Hutcheson in A Man's Man, always right, always pure in quality and convincing. Mr. James Gleason is a good actor in his own kind, Mr. Gregory Kelly too; Miss Pauline Lord can be extraordinary. And there are others among our players who can bring alive pretty unerringly from night to night a character from a realistic play, a play written in the prose of everyday and built on prose intentions, nothing formal, nothing lofty in manner, nothing removed in kind from our usual American way of life. For parts in such plays, for interpretations of such an approach and such a quality of mind, all very well then. But when we come to parts like this Don Juan of Rostand's we see what happens.

No need to go on grieving over Mr. Stanley Logan. His was after all not an unendurable performance. I could at least very often understand the words and sometimes the sense, and was able to see what the drama was about. And how many actors could you name who could have done this part any better? Who would you suggest? We may consider the problem, leaving Mr. Logan out. I know little of him. He may have brought to the play a very large and exact culture, for all I know, though I should say that he kept it to himself very successfully. Let us speak of actors in general, of some General Actor, then, confronted with the task of playing this Spanish gentleman of the eighteenth century, in a play by a lyric dramatist, with a cold French logic of development flaring to romantic excess, full of declamation from beginning to end, written in verse, in poetic English, packed with ornament and figures of speech, exacting the gallant and polished manner of an eighteenth century gentleman, a noble Spaniard, Seville in Venice, walking about in brocades, high heels, rapier, living in that baroque splendor, gilded in corruption, elegant in mode, sated and insatiable in life, pleasure and worldly taste and beauty. It is a large order.

This General Actor from our theatre, then, where shall he go to school to acquire these qualities and the technique that can express them? Where shall he come in contact with a tradition in the theatre itself from which he can learn what to do to be saved when he is launched on such a venture as this in Don Juan? There is no school where he can learn. There is no tradition. The older actors with whom he might have served an apprenticeship are gone. And for that matter he despises them, the few that are left, for fogies. There is not even a place left where he can learn to read verse, only here and there an actor who can give him an idea.

The Actor, then, will have to resort to cultivation on his own hook. He must cultivate himself in the art of the stage and do what he can for himself by cultivation in the other arts. There are painting, poetry, architecture, music. But does he know anything about Longhi for example? Those pictures of Longhi's are not great painting, but they show at least how the clothes of the day were worn, how you walked in that brocade and elegance of pattern, how you stepped about in those insolent, splendid shoes. Has he ever heard of Galuppi, or does he even know the more renowned music of Haydn or those cool and lovely patterns of Mozart's Don Giovanni? Has he even heard of Charpentier? He may have heard of Lulli, Kreisler at least has made popular the Chanson Louis Treize et Pavane, though it may be confused with Humoresque and the Song of India if the actor's mind is open and innocent enough.

Of a bit of historical culture that might help him toward some understanding of the style demanded for the Rostand part, does he know Goldoni or anything of Carlo Gozzi, or any of the letters from the French salons of the last years of that century, or even Congreve or Molière? And for what he might with travel store up for his problem, does he know Venice, Seville, or does he merely go to Paris, run about with the Americans there, making parties of the small hours, unable to do without the cronies and commonplace of his usual New York life, and coming back as foolish and obvious as he went? Or if he gets to Venice is it for more than three days, more than being a little tipsy in a gondola, revelling in the shameless Lido, thinking of Victorian honeymoons and present day scandals and affairs on serenaded lagoons and even that always with Americans?

We come to the fundamental elements in his art, matters of rhythm, scale of values, speech and so on. The speech we leave out, the diction of Broadway speaks for itself and for little else. There is music for learning the nature of the structural in art, the relation of parts by which the idea is essentially established. There is music, for exercise in the dilation of ideal experience, pure, abstract conceptions and emotional rhythm and free scope. How many actors do you see at concerts in New York? How many actors read poetry? How many will you see at the Metropolitan Museum? How many directors are there who can help actors toward securing in their performance these qualities that the Don Juan of Rostand needs? And how much can a director even then give to an actor?

And so we go with such parts as this from Rostand. You cannot reach up and pluck quality from the air.

Even if the Actor evinced these qualities in a performance of The Last Night of Don Juan, if he had style, elegance, wit, the right degree of formality, the right diction, verse rhythm, wore his clothes to the manner born, and was the glass of Spanish and Venetian fashion of the eighteenth century and the mirror of Rostand's graceful complexity and romantic eloquence, if the Actor got all these qualities supremely into his style, three-fourths of his audience would not like it. They would say that it was all put on, that it was "ham," to talk backstage. They would say that it was not natural; which settles the matter; there is no more to be said, since people who use natural in that sense close all artistic discussion.

So peace returns and we lapse into the easier and more democratic recognitions of the realistic art in which we are more successful and at home. We are good in that and not rarely, which is not to be despised. If only it expressed all of life and all that the human soul is!

STARK YOUNG.

An Economist Reads Dark Laughter

IT is a world in which the Twentieth Century Limited leaves the Grand Central Terminal and arrives back there upon a scheduled instant; in which typewriters beat out programs and air-hammers mold steel; in which files multiply and cities magically rise; in which men emerge from subways day in and day out and go straight about a business in which there is purpose, order and regularity, with few embarrassing questions asked. It is a world delicately coördinated and systematized—becoming more so—in which the rhythms of life are sophisticated, so much so that men begin to dream of a super-state in which func-

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tions shall be allotted and programs carried out without any waste, without any bickering, smoothly, perfectly. A physicist works in his laboratory at the problems of inter-stellar space, a psychologist essays the measurement—mirabile dictu!—of intelligence itself, the economist sets his tabulating machines to rolling, rolling. . . . He will instruct us concerning the precise balance of industrial forces. The world of the intelligent, of the sciences, is as erudite as this.

And suddenly, in the midst of all this, one who has been trained to scientific care in working at the very central correlations of this elaborated civilization, one such cannot sleep at night and switches on the light at his bed-head, reaching for a familiar anodyne. This fellow Anderson, it seems, has written another book. Curiosity about him has stirred somewhere for a long time, since, in fact, his first troubling lines were come upon. What would it be that he would make or do with those ruthless, fumbling, inept hands of his some time? Something that must be attended to, so much had always been, somehow, known. Here was another cry in the dark, doubtless, another figure called into premature being by those flat, uncertain words which somehow never seemed to be the tones of a writer's voice, a figure lumpy and unfinished, its clay scarred with rough effort, yet, beyond question challenging, dumb, inert, but not for an instant to be ignored.

With the opening movement of the symphony, and growing as the new themes introduced themselves and joined the whole, a rising tide of understanding flooded one scientist's mind. Bruce Dudley shouts from the brass as the dark laughter weaves itself about the central theme among the wood-winds and the violins. At those of us who work at urban tasks, who plan out what we call human progress, who live in twenty-story houses and ride in motor cars, he shouts, "You haven't got much!" And the phrase reverberates through the physicists' inter-stellar space above the soft rustling murmur of the tabulating cards. It is as though some gigantic figure had arisen and were standing with one foot upon Manhattan and the other upon the Loop (bricks and steel spilling out from under his thick soles), bending forward, examining in a puzzled way the migrations of a tiny human beast up and down the Mississippi and in a garden of southern Indiana. The Twentieth Century Limited cannot run, the typewriters and air-hammers are still, the tabulating machines no longer roll upon their smooth bearings. And across the whole heaven behind the bending figure there blazes the legend, "You haven't got much!"

Bruce Dudley said it as he looked out over the world from his bench in a garden in southern Indiana and the giant has somehow lit the heavens with his words. "He was what he was, a man wandering about, seeking something," having found our life not good enough. And he never finds that which he seeks. The woman who waited like a warm field in the June sun, yearning for the plow and the fertile seed had been no luckier in this world. But then *she* found it in him. The bending giant sees her last disappearing down a path among the willows with a smile upon her face—positively that of a cat who has found a bowl of cream, rich and thick and undisturbed. But the man? Ah, here everything is as it was! He is caught again in the machines. So soon as the giant's feet are raised the trains will run again, the typewriters and air-hammers will resume and the shuffling of the cards upon their rollers will go on. His gesture has been entirely a vain one and his curse has caught up with him again. But he has left reverberating in a hundred souls, perhaps, the challenge and the question that may, in time, be fruitful, may, indeed, find itself traveling upon cards through the belly of the tabulating monster.

Is this haunting phrase, with its sustaining undertone of long, lazy, jazzy laughter—dark, sardonic laughter—what, finally, this man Anderson, has got to say? Is this figure of futility, his black, subversive missile, meant to be cast among the wheels of progress to grind there until it stops something in a riot of wreckage? It seems to amount to just that. And we must take counsel, quickly and determine how we shall hold his hand. How shall we answer him? Where shall we turn for refutation? We have the Biltmore, we have the Leviathan, we have tiled baths and warm, wool clothes. So many things!

But this man Bruce Dudley was one who would go off to New Orleans, take a five-dollar-a-month room and live on rolls and coffee. He would rather hear the rhythm of a "nigger" song than the expensive counterpoint of Stravinski. He would rather smell the earth than hot-house roses. He would rather see the "niggers" moving in the fields upon the earth, singing, than view the most lavish movie we could tempt him with. What shall we do with him? He doesn't like the kind of work we give him; he doesn't like the kind of pleasures we bribe men with to do the work against which they rebel. This man Bruce Dudley threatens to tear apart the careful veiling we have wound about our heads, to muffle ears and to blur eyes. This is what Anderson is up to. He is the most subversive man among us. Sinclair Lewis argues bitterly; this man shouts and his words ring like a bell in the night. Economists, psychologists, physicists—where is there an answer to stop his mouth? What shall we all of us say that will not sound to this stirring, watchful giant as though it were meant for evasive palaver?

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL.

Fifteen Paces

We saw Mr. Jellicoe the undertaker going by.
And all of us guardedly wondered whom he was going for.
We watched him take fifteen paces and reach our stoop from his shop.
And glad at least that he didn't stop, watched him take fifteen more.

We never see his little dark figure come this way and pass
Unless it be on a certain call spelling trouble to some.
He never wastes his legs on a walk nor his tongue in a talk.
The few things the man may need on this earth, he can have at home.

Does he go for a neighborly visit—do we visit him?
He hasn't any family to speak of, nor friends nor such.
The delicate manner he has of moving along alone—
Though it seem but a bit on the surface, more likely means much.

There's the widow down the street who's been ill; now it might be her.
The smith who was recently kicked by a horse; it might be him.
That it's some one, we know from the way Mr. Jellicoe went.
Would he be dressing up otherwise, and be looking so trim?

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Peasant in Russia and in America

SIR: I am interested in Mr. J. M. Keynes's account of the economic conditions he found in Soviet Russia. He uses a formidable formula when he tells us that the Soviet government is maintaining itself and building up industry by exploiting the peasant; but as a matter of fact, how has any government ever been maintained, and any industry ever built up, on any other basis? In the beginning, there is agriculture; and after war, revolution, and civil war, there is again agriculture, and nothing else. The peasant takes a stick for a plow, and hitches his wife to it, and soon he has some food; but a steel mill cannot start up until its machinery has been repaired, and to pay for that the government has to take some of the peasant's food, simply because there is nothing else. What Mr. Keynes ought to tell us is, how does the "exploitation" of the peasant under the Soviet government compare with his exploitation under the Tsars. Has the peasant a larger share of his crops now, or a smaller? I think the answer would be that this is the first time in history that the Russian peasant has had anything left him, except enough to keep a part of him alive till the next harvest.

And how about the American peasant? What share has he had out of the crops of the last few years? Certainly he has not had enough to keep him on the farms, or to keep him out of the clutches of the banker. And what has been the history of America, as regards the maintaining of government and the building up of industry by the "exploiting" of the farmer? When we put a high tariff on outside manufactured goods, and compel the farmer to pay the high prices of our home industries, are we not doing the same thing as the Soviet government? But they do it for the benefit of the government, and we do it for the benefit of trust magnates. We have had a hundred years in which to do it; and we expect the Russians to make as good a showing in four or five years! Mr. Editor, there is an awful lot of hypocrisy and bunk running round loose and unlabeled.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Cal.

Purpose vs. Evolution

SIR: Mr. James F. Porter in his recent letter to the New Republic, Evolution vs. Purpose, believes that there is a conflict between evolution and religion, because he has discovered that nature is full of cruelty—which fact, by the way, was well known long before any "law" of "survival of the fittest" had been announced.

If he means that the tendencies of nature should never dictate the form of human morality or law (which some evolutionists would have them do) I quite agree with him. But if he means, or if any construe him to mean, that cruelty in physical nature, that evil in general in the world, should be a bar to our conceiving of a wise Providence who created with purpose, I must take up the cudgels.

The problem of evil is a most ancient one; biology did not propound it: biology does not add even an iota to its admittedly great difficulty. It is the world's experience, however, that faith or true religion has always solved this problem privately to him who embraced such faith. I shall not attempt even to suggest a solution; I shall merely asseverate that, solution or no solution, there is purpose not only in nature but visibly in nature. But a mistake is commonly made as to where in nature it lies.

The conflict is not between science and religion but rather between the man who knows no science and little religion and the man who knows *little science and no religion.*

As one having some little familiarity with science, I might point out that the physical universe shows us two aspects, one dynamic, one static. The ordinary pseudo-scientific materialist, usually miscalled "agnostic," commonly does not think of nature except in its more obvious dynamic aspect, and he thinks that if there is purpose in nature it must show in the dynamic tendencies of nature. Then, whether he finds it there or not, he makes his finding or his failure to find equally confirmatory of his materialism. If he thinks he finds purpose in dynamic nature, then this purpose in nature becomes his crude substitute for religion, and about it he weaves a philosophy of naturalistic laissez-faire in which "Nature," always with a capital N and referred to in the feminine gender, becomes a veritable goddess, the "mooned Ashtaroth" to whom he makes his prayer. If he fails to find purpose in dynamic nature he simply says there is no evidence for a divine Providence. If he cannot base his favorite philosophy on a certain argument he will base it on the gaps in that argument.

There is no purpose in dynamic nature, or none that we can see by the eye of science without faith; there is no perfecting, bettering force in evolution, as even the most sentimental evolutionist, if a scientist, will finally admit. But there is purpose in nature, and it is seen in static nature. The discontinuous and unit-wise structure of the whole universe, the concentration of its matter in foci, the absence of any gradations between its major forms, the rigid restriction of matter to a definite small number of kinds (the chemical elements), the fixed set of properties possessed by each element, the discrete or stepwise structure of all matter, of electricity, of light, even of energy—in these and other things the universe bears those unmistakable earmarks which, possessed by any article, would tell us that it was a manufactured article.

But the universe, or physical nature, is merely a physical article, while man, as I believe, is not merely a physical being. And, once manufactured this article appears to have been given over to its own blind tendencies, which we, not being merely physical can read, seeing in them that the flesh exists to die and the physical to waste its availability and pass away. Hence, not being physical, we are out of harmony with the physical universe and see cruelty in it. Men, unlike the physical universe, are not given over to their physical tendencies. That is what we mean when we say "He is a man!" That also is why men must not take the tendencies of nature for their law.

BENJAMIN LEE WHORF.

Wethersfield, Conn.

Post-War Expenditure

SIR: One thing in Professor Patterson's supplement on taxation interested me especially—his opinion that the contraction of government expenditure as a result of the close of the War has just about reached its limit. I have recently been studying expenditures during the fifteen years after the war of 1812. Efforts then for reducing government costs were successful for about five years. Each year until 1821 the total sum of appropriations diminished. Then followed a gradual increase, until by 1830 the annual expenditure for current operations represented an increase of about 50 percent of the total sum for 1821. The circumstances of the two periods are not identical, but the experience then suggests that Professor Patterson is not predicting anything very improbable regarding the future trend of federal expenditures.

CURTIS NETTELS.

Madison, Wis.

A Correction

SIR: In your issue of November 4, under the heading The Case of Anita Whitney you say "Miss Whitney's membership in the organization came about through her efforts to improve the condition of workers of which the I. W. W. was the most prominent representative on the Pacific Coast."

Miss Whitney never was a member of the I. W. W. There is no allegation in any part of her case that she was an I. W. W. There is no testimony showing that she personally had ever any knowledge of the acts of the I. W. W. The facts proved, and all of them, are that Anita Whitney joined the Communist Labor party in Oakland, California, at a public meeting, being a convention of the Communist Labor party; that she acted as a member of the credentials committee of the convention of the Communist Labor party; and that she signed a resolution asking for amnesty for "everyone now serving a sentence as a political or class-war prisoner."

In those facts is the whole and sole basis of her conviction.

AUSTIN LEWIS.

San Francisco, Cal.

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Candide's Progress

The Confessions of a Reformer, by Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 352 pages. $3.

HACKNEYED as the figure is, Mr. Howe's book must be classified as a Pilgrim's Progress. It is a record of an experience in which all the various ways of salvation which have been current for the past third of a century were brought to the test of practice. Mr. Howe joined all the schools of freedom and reform, tried all the theories which go under the name Liberalism, and has set down candidly and unflinchingly his results. They may be summed up in another hackneyed term, disillusionment. And yet despair is not the final outcome, either in the mind of the author, nor of anyone who has watched the experiments which Mr. Howe has shared so fully. Rather one is left with a feeling of the vitality, the sheer instinct of life, individual and collective, that went into the process, and which remains undiminished in spite of expense and waste, undismayed by error, ready for the next adventure, the next trial.

Mr. Howe's experience is individual in its variety and completeness; in its fundamental theme it is true to type. It spans the very interesting epoch of American life from the close of the eighties, when the country as a whole had completed its recovery from the Civil War and its effort of pioneering, and was beginning to spare thought for the problems of the future. He was brought up in Meadville, Pennsylvania, in the strictest sect of American pharisees, marked by evangelical religion, middle class morality, and the politics of the Republican party. He went to the Johns Hopkins of Bryce, Herbert Adams and Wilson. There he learned the creed of ideal politics, "the creed of responsibility and service." With a doctor's degree he went to New York, to work as a reporter and study law. Incidentally he became connected with his first reform movement, the effort of Dr. Parkhurst to cleanse the city from law-breaking saloons and Raines Law hotels. And here he experienced his first disillusionment. Contact with the saloon showed him that its corruption was chiefly due to the laws made by the respectable element of the community for its control. And outdoor politics he found very different from the political theories of Bryce and Wilson. "Politics I had believed was the business of a gentleman. It should be in the hands of good men—men who had succeeded in business, who observed the conventions of life, who had graduated from the universities. Here was a world of political reality. Here politics was part of everyday life, part of the family, of religion, of race. Politics was daily work. My state was an abstraction."

Howe went to Cleveland to practice law. He took part in the administration of organized charity and suffered another check. The people who organized it were those who in a society built on property fought every change by which the necessity for charity could be abolished. He entered the campaign for good government in the city, and again ran up against the limitation which the respectable classes imposed. He joined Tom Johnson in his ten years' war for municipal ownership of local transportation. Here his lessons in outdoor politics were most useful, for Johnson had no illusions as to the help of the upper class: his battle was to be won by the poor with such political weapons and leadership as they had been able to fashion. The capitalist management was beaten. Then the municipal management failed to make good, partly through a strike which dispossessed capital fomented against it, and the war was over. In the State Senate at Columbus Howe tested another department of government. A carefully worked-out program of legislation came to nothing. The legislators were interested only in the petty spoils of office. "The government would not work. It stalled, it did not function. . . . We were defeated by the very instrument that was designed to insure popular government. The political machinery itself was at fault."

Mr. Howe performed one genuine civic service in Cleveland as a member of the Tax Commission which removed barriers to the city's development by introducing a fair and equal valuation of real property. Then he turned to New York, where he became Director of The People's Institute. This was in the heyday of intellectual radicalism, just before the War. The very list of names of the young lions of that day is eloquent: Lincoln Steffens, Clarence Darrow, Max and Crystal Eastman, Art Young, Floyd Dell, Jack Reed, Mary Heaton Vorse, Inez Haynes Irwin, Ray Stannard Baker, Inez Milholland. "Working with college men and women who were convinced that the old order was breaking up, living in a world that had confidence in literature and in the power of ideas, it seemed to me that a new dispensation was about to be ushered in." It was one of those false dawns which come for the encouragement and disheartenment of generous spirits, a time such as that of which Wordsworth wrote:

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> And to be young was heaven.

The triumph of progress in the election of 1912 seemed to seal with apostolic authority the promise of the time. Appointed by Wilson as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, Howe bent himself to a new task, that of combating administrative corruption and inefficiency only to meet a new disillusionment in regard to government and its reform on conventional lines. "In a generation's time, largely through the Civil Service reform movement, America has created an official bureaucracy moved largely by fear, hating initiative, and organized as a solid block to protect itself and its petty, salary-hunting instincts.

Into the midst of his effort to fight the battle of the immigrant against administrative indifference and graft, to humanize Ellis Island in spite of red tape, came the War. The immigration service became one of emigration, charged with the duty of guarding aliens who were marked for deportation by official stupidity or the private hate of the army of spies which the department of Justice enrolled. After the Armistice, the machinery of malice which had been set up under pretext of winning the War was turned against those who were accounted enemies of the capitalist state. The story of those days is the most shameful in the history of the nation. And again Howe records his bitter disillusionment, this time with the people themselves. "I had fondly imagined that we prized individual liberty; I had believed that to Anglo-Saxons human rights were sacred and they would be protected at any cost. . . . But I found that we were lawless, emotional, given to mob action. We cared little for freedom of conscience, for the rights of men to their opinions."

And close upon this disappointment came another. Howe had interested himself in questions of the Near East and was one of the corps of experts who were summoned to Paris to help make the peace for which we had fought. He set forth with high hopes. Again there was disillusionment. At Paris he saw the old ideals of national righteousness which he had learned at Johns Hopkins in conflict with the forces of the actual world:

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> It was the morality of the church seeking to function against alarmist war lords, ministries tenacious of power, lords of finance—all moved by elemental motives of individual, class and nationalistic aggrandizement. The evangelism of Wilson had turned America from her traditions; it made no impression on the realism of the old world.

And the overthrow was completed by the moral collapse of the leader who had been his teacher in those early days. Mr. Howe sees truly that it was not the defeat of Wilson which made the ultimate tragedy. "The people were ready to accept his failures and understand the cause. It was his assertion that he had brought back the peace he had promised that turned the tide." They forsook Wilson when he forsook himself.

With his faith in his own class as makers of the new world of order, justice and freedom completely gone, Howe turned to the workers. Surely there could be found hope among those who must necessarily believe in property as the result of labor rather than of law, who must hate privilege and exploitation. He gave some years to working with the strongest and most intelligent body of labor, the railroad employes, in support of the Plumb plan. It would be interesting to know his present reaction to this phase of his pilgrimage. We can perhaps infer it from the fact that the Plumb plan is dead; that the political offensive, which culminated in LaFollette's campaign for the presidency in 1924 has lost its momentum; and that Mr. Howe, a militant Candide with the scars of battle upon him, has gone to work in his garden at Siasconset.

But it would be wrong to infer from the whole record a pessimistic conclusion. The real lesson to be drawn is the capacity of the human being for learning by experience. The story is one of the effort of the human mind to master the conditions of collective life. Mr. Howe from time to time utters pithy comments on the nature, the very human nature, of the struggle. He sees within himself "the resistance of mind to facts that involve sacrifice or personal discomfort, that involve disapproval by one's class." He sees on the part of men in general that the mind which works so wonderfully in pure and applied science fails as completely as morality when applied to society. "Men did not think when social problems were involved. They did not use the mind. It refused to work against economic interest." Here Mr. Howe puts his finger on the cause of the failure of intellectualism from the time of the Utilitarians onward. His whole career is discovery of this illusion in all the insidious forms in which it has thrown awry the best efforts of America in these last thirty years. The real disillusionment which Mr. Howe records is with all methods of simplification; the true remedy is recourse to a larger inclusiveness and closer approximation to the facts of human nature.

Philosophy of the present day has reached the same conclusion. Professor Dewey in Experience and Nature has remarked "that all intellectual terms are products of discrimination and classification—that we must go back to the primitive situations of life . . . that we must begin with things in their complex entanglements rather than simplifications." And again: "Whenever we are concerned with understanding social transition and flux, or with projects of reform, personal and collective, our study must go to the analysis of native tendencies." In other words, social life is not mathematical calculation or a laboratory experiment; it is experience. To this experience Mr. Howe has made a notable contribution, not the least valuable part of which is his story of it. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Realistic Study of Politics

A Grammar of Politics, by Harold J. Laski. New Haven: Yale University Press. 672 pages. $6.

"THIS volume," says Mr. Laski, "completes an effort, begun in 1915, to construct a theory of the place of the state in the great society. . . . It attempts to outline the institutions which my researches have suggested as desirable." Though the first sentence in this statement indicates some hankering after a cold-blooded analysis of the substance and movements of politics, the second clearly declares a moral purpose. Mr. Laski evidently goes back to good old Bishop Lowth who, in 1767, vowed that "the principal design of a Grammar of any language is to teach us to express ourselves with propriety in that language, and to enable us to judge of every phrase and form of construction, whether it be right or not." He makes no pretensions to a suave, Buddha-like detachment which enables him to see things merely as they are—without faith, without anger, without hope. He does not imagine that God has made the glorious British constitution as it is now and ever shall be and permitted him to describe it to the uninitiated. He does not climb Olympus with Karl Marx, view the procession, beat the rhythm, and announce the thunders. Having devoted years to the patient and zealous study of law, government, and political theory, Mr. Laski proceeds to tell us how he feels in 1925 and what kind of a political system seems good in his sight.

He does not stand long on the brink of his subject shivering as he thinks of the metaphysical implications buried in his lightest words. He plunges right into the middle of things. "For Western Europe, at least, democratic government has become a commonplace beyond discussion." The fact that Western Europe is after all merely one part of the earth and derives much of its economic prosperity from ruling millions elsewhere by despotic modes is not ignored, but it is not permitted to upset the democratic applecart. From that declaration respecting political democracy, Mr. Laski proceeds to say that "the problem still remains of making the possession of power a fruitful thing." Thereupon he takes up a discussion of the purpose of social organization, the nature of sovereignty, the content of rights, the substance of liberty, and the moral limitations on the uses of property. He splits no hairs. "The state is thus a fellowship of men aiming at the enrichment of the common life." The state has a purpose and that purpose is seethed in morality. There are rights, too. "I have, as a citizen, a claim upon society to realize my best self in common with others. . . . Rights are in fact those conditions of social life without which no man can seek, in general, to be himself at his best. . . . They are rights because they are useful to the end the state seeks to serve." There is liberty too, a positive thing. "By liberty, I mean the eager maintenance of that atmosphere in which men have the opportunity to be their best selves." Specifically there is the right to work, to receive adequate wages, to enjoy reasonable hours, and to make one's wants articulate. Property is likewise subject to the great ends of state and liberty: a decent minimum must be guaranteed to citizens first and all other things must be based on that assumption. The state, rights, liberty, and property cannot be considered merely within the limits of the national system. Beyond are other societies and civilization itself. Mr. Laski faces this complexity also and after long deliberation concludes that any

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national state will act toward other national states as it acts toward its own citizens; if humane at home it will be humane abroad; if the defender of domestic slavery, it will seek to enslave other societies. The corollary is that we must moralize the state. "We overcome hate by love, evil by good." But there are realities beyond good and evil. "Russian communism was at least imperialist enough to overrun Georgia. Socialist England would still need cotton and oil, and would fight, if need be, for access to them."

Having considered basic things, Mr. Laski discusses modern political institutions and the changes necessary to bring them into line with his concepts of liberty, rights, and the good life. Under this head, he surveys and illuminates all the major problems that form the meat of the diet prescribed by doctors of political science—the legislature, the executive, their relations, the civil service, control over the bureaucracy, and the place of local government in the national system. Then at the very point where the old books on politics end, Mr. Laski warms up to his subject. The state has economic relations. So he discusses socialized industries, the functions of coöperative societies, the regulation of private enterprise, the organization of vocations, social insurance and the inheritance of property. The rôle of the judiciary in this great social process is taken up next, and finally the whole is crowned with a consideration of international organization. The sovereignty of the state sinks on the horizon. "Either we have to make a world by a deliberate plan, or we court disaster."

Such is, crudely, the grand scheme of this book. Everything is in its place—except agriculture. That is not an accident. Mr. Laski tells us in his preface that he has left a great gap, that he has said nothing about tilling the soil and the land problem for the reason that he knows nothing directly of either. Certainly a fine, honest confession. Some may be inclined to hold that this omission vitiates the whole book. At all events it is a mode of treatment not unnatural to English political economy, for England having devoured her agriculture in the machine maw and driven her children into factory towns can now think of little except trade—with apologies to men like R. R. Enfield. Perhaps England can live forever on her empire and her command of the seas, but for a long time there will be wide places where the creeds of capitalism and socialism can have only a limited application. For contemporary England, of imperial economy, Mr. Laski's book has a validity and strength that cannot be denied. For other countries its significance is more restricted. If, however, all nations can turn themselves into manufacturers for all other nations—which seems paradoxical—then its range will become universal.

It would be easy to quarrel with Mr. Laski's enterprise wholesale and retail—or any other enterprise like it which attempts something worth while. No doubt academic shells will soon begin to burst about his ears. The authors of dull books on how the Constitution has provided, Congress has enacted, and the Supreme Court has ruled will doubtless rend their garments and scatter ashes in the wind. Father Time will smile, quizzically as always. But anybody who wants to know the drift of thinking in English political theory must for his own good read this portly volume. Here is a landmark that shows how far we have come from the realm of Herbert Spencer. Here is an author who quits hemming and hawing and asserts, declares, and challenges. That method makes the leaves rustle in academic groves.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

The Dead Hand

The Touchstone of Architecture, by Sir Reginald Blomfield. New York: Oxford University Press. 245 pages. $3.

SIR Reginald Blomfield complains that architectural criticism has too long been in the hands of literary men, whose verbal brilliance has obscured their lack of technical insight: the lash of Ruskin has left a sting, even to the third and fourth generation! With such allies, however, as Mr. Trystan Edwards, Mr. Geoffrey Scott, and his own trenchant pen, he need no longer feel that his school is denied an adequate expression. This collection of essays on Art in England, on The Artist and the Community, on London Bridges, on the inevitable Wren, and so forth, presents the views of perhaps the most distinguished leader of the classic movement in England. Sir Reginald Blomfield believes in picking up again the traditions of the Renaissance, which petered out at the beginning of the nineteenth century: he regards the intervening period merely as an unfortunate interruption. He is, it is true, against a literal revivalism; but after a recent inspection of Regent Street and Oxford Circus I cannot share his belief that even a liberal interpretation of Renaissance forms would provide the basis for a modern architecture. Without a sincere effort to go back to naked fundamentals and work out a complete system of modern forms and modern ornament, our architecture is bound to remain the wretched spectacle of egoism and caprice that the worse part of it now is. Yet Sir Reginald shies away from this attempt; in fact, so limited is his tradition that in painting, Van Gogh is to him merely an incompetent technician, with perhaps a slight touch of genius; whilst one infers that the men who are making architecture live again today in Holland, in Germany, and in America are so far out of bounds that their work will never seriously be the subject of his criticism. It is very sad; but I suspect that Renaissance architecture is not merely an order of art: it is also a social system; and part of the wickedness of the moderns consists in the fact that they do not accept the dignities and the duties of that system. The surface charge against them is that they lack form; the real offense however is that, in the gentlemanly sense of the phrase, they lack good form. Sir Reginald is a vigorous and interesting writer; he speaks for the dominant school in England today; but with all its scholarship and all its skill, there is no fresh life in its effort.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Birds of a Feather

Wives, by Gamaliel Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers. 298 pages. $3.50.

THE seven women who are wives in Mr. Bradford's latest book were all, according to the author, cut on one pattern. Sometimes, of course, the seams were let out, or the size varies: but the pattern is one. It is as though the man who designed it was dominated by the idea that he must produce a unified group and he knew no way but this to do it.

Mr. Bradford's thesis rests on the conception that these women acquired fame because they were related to men who achieved it. "Yet it is curious that, in every instance except that of Mrs. Lincoln, one gets an indefinable sense of full equality with the husband, and in one or two instances a sense of decided superiority!" he writes in his Preface.

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But is this true? Mr. Bradford is a clever designer, but are his women intrinsically important? As sketches of women who once were wives, his outlines suggest excellent stories. He uses phrases or incidents to make his women and their men jump out to live every now and then before the reader's eyes. But it grows dull to see such widely different ladies performing the same antics to prove themselves congenial.

Stand Mr. Bradford's "wives" up in a row and glance them over. The very proper lady from Main Street ("God, no!" cries Mary Todd Lincoln, using her favorite ejaculation) who was the dull smug wife of the great President; Benedict Arnold's poor, dear, gay little wife; Theodosia Burr, charming, intelligent and loyal as woman, daughter, wife and mother; the flirtatious, companionable Dolly Madison, butterfly wife of the dignified James; Mrs. Jefferson Davis (tactless lady!) who loved her husband with long-standing affection but helped him to be an unpopular hero; the wife of Benjamin F. Butler, a woman of emotional power who wasted it all on her husband; the charmingly direct Mrs. James G. Blaine, who came very near to being the wife of a President—and resented, just a little, her failure. These women ought not to be cut on one pattern! Surely Mrs. Davis, somewhat ungracious, stiff, but a devoted wife of the man who, after all, was essentially greater than she, has no right to do more than bow formally to Theodosia Burr, that dancing girl and superior woman whose standards of life were as different from those of Mrs. Davis as a sea-gull's from a fox-terrier's!

It may not be fair to quarrel with Mr. Bradford. For in spite of the fact that he wrote his characters around a thesis, Wives is a worthwhile book. It is one of those volumes which is better read slowly than at a hasty gulp. The sketch of Mrs. Benedict Arnold, or any one of the other six, makes good and, at times, illuminating reading. Then put away Mr. Bradford's Wives and resist the temptation to take them up soon. For if one follows chapter with chapter, one resents the quick snipping of the biographer's scissors and grows weary of the monotonous result.

MARGARET EVANS.

Fiction Notes

God Head, by Leonard Cline. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

THIS autobiography of Paulus Kempf, who intended not to die, is a fable of rich elements: the genesis of a superman; a wild poetic setting on the shores of Lake Superior; for accessories a group of robust Finns, simple-minded, but of marked character; and not least, certain fine tones of Finnish history and folk-lore, which run through the narrative like a prose Finlandia. But at the end one wonders at the defects in total impression; for by that time the suspicion has accumulated that Paulus, though in faith an orthodox Zarathustran, is essentially an ordinary person after all. It may be because we are made too familiar with him. Introspective autobiography is the extreme of narrative familiarity, and seems here to have belittled rather than magnified. Kempf's gratuitous crimes are shown, perhaps, as above our human law and our human decorum; but not quite above our contempt. Is it because we are too near? The superman, one suspects, looks his best in the middle distance, and through the medium of an appalled and marvelling observer; every Sherlock should, indeed, have his Dr. Watson. Without such mediation one feels too privy to the mystery, and falls to criticizing the hero too readily. Something like this, of course, may have been the author's ironical purpose; if so, he succeeded. But one ends with doubting it, and wondering if the tale has been written with sufficient premeditation; or if it has not rather been untimely ripped from the process of conception.

C. T.

The Wind. Anonymous. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

A TERRIFIED young romantic brought to grips with reality on the wind-swept, unfarmed plains of western Texas. From the prefatory first chapter to the last the wind-stallions of the ranges, heeled by sand and drought, race on in devastation. To them belong the spoils. Without them even the girl Letty is merely one of a group of familiar types pictured in threadbare phrases. As it is, almost the entire burden of raising the story above mediocrity is thrust—albeit happily—upon the abstract title-hero, the untamed wind of the plains.

C. N.

East of Eden, by Lynn Montross. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

MANY fresh impressions come to us from this tale of Illinois corn and the disaster of an attempted organization of Grain Growers. It is the author's peculiar gift that he does not play up the Farm or the Corn or any other abstraction of Middle Western life. These are but the ample and significant background to the vital study of human activity. The eager intensity of Mr. Montross's mind, playing over the Derring family, draws each one forward to take his place in a fundamentally tragic scheme of things. He goes deep to the springs of emotion in this varying group of country folk, and with an amazing simplicity of detail, conducts each to his appointed place in destiny. While the book contains crudities, and occasional lapses, even, from conventionally good English, it is truly creative in its grasp of emotional reality, and it shines with the unassailable virtue of sincerity.

E. B. H.

The Informer, by Liam O'Flaherty. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

AN informer is a viper to be scotched. In the Ireland of the Revolutionary Movement, according to Mr. O'Flaherty, twelve hours is the shrift of such an one. At 6:30 p. m. Gypo Nolan, brutish of body, bulbous of nose, whose eyebrows were single tufts "like ominous snouts," betrayed his pal, McPhilip, the murderer, to the police, and before that hour of morning met death as his punishment at the hands of a Revolutionary Committee. The chapters clang out with gong-like strokes the passing of the hours that lead him to his doom. Dramatic intensity is sought by every possible device of structure and style, and—fitfully—secured, but not sustained. A harsh, unrythmic play of words occasionally rises to a flash of power, but more often becomes monotonous. The Dublin underworld is here — backstreets, brothels and bestiality — but nothing of significance emerges, either from background or theme. And this, we venture to opine, is because Mr. O'Flaherty has written of Ireland and the Irish without the illumining torch of sympathy.

E. B. H.

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Wild Geese, by Martha Ostenso. New York: Dodd Mead and Company. $2.

THIS book was awarded a prize of $13,500, compounded of three elements — novel proper, serial rights, and film rights. Its background is some undetermined wilderness, at whose geographical position we can only guess from such strange and outlandish names as Yellow Post, and Nykerk Siding. Its theme is the grim struggle of those who till the soil. A curious, alien community is sketched — Bjarnassons, Sandbos, Klovaczs — in whose midst we find, unaccountably, the squat and sinister Anglo-Saxon, Caleb Gare, and his family. Wild geese flying north, wild geese flying south, magnificently imaged, fill the sky. A vivid and powerful landscape is unrolled. The stage is set for sombre drama. But the same quality of indeterminateness is revealed in the treatment of the story. It seems not to move definitely ahead on any firm central basis, but by jerks, from one thread to another. These threads are not woven together, but pursued separately, with a wearisome multiplication of the motions of everyday life. On the other hand, in flashes of descriptive insight the author achieves notable things. There is a marvelous wrestling match to which the girl Judith, of the "great, defiant body," challenges her lover, Sven. Intensity—vitality—these are qualities which should carry their possessor far.

E. B. H.

The Naked Man, by Vere Hutchinson. New York: The Century Company. $2.

IN The Naked Man Miss Hutchinson reaches depths of understanding and feeling which her brother, the more famous A. S. M. Hutchinson, does not even attempt. Here she vividly portrays the elemental struggles of an English miner to obtain happiness by realizing the two desires which amount with him to obsessions. Miss Hutchinson outlines Luke Baddock's existence through all its phases, and we see him stripped of illusions as life greedily grasps each successive object that means hope to him. The plot is ordinary: a man and two women to one of whom, Maggie, love means self-effacement; to the other, Cherry, acquisition; but the treatment of incident, the handling of the characters and the feeling of planned progressive action throughout mark it as decidedly out of the common run of present day novels.

M. E. U.

Contributors

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MARGARET EVANS is associated with the publishing house of Alfred A. Knopf.

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